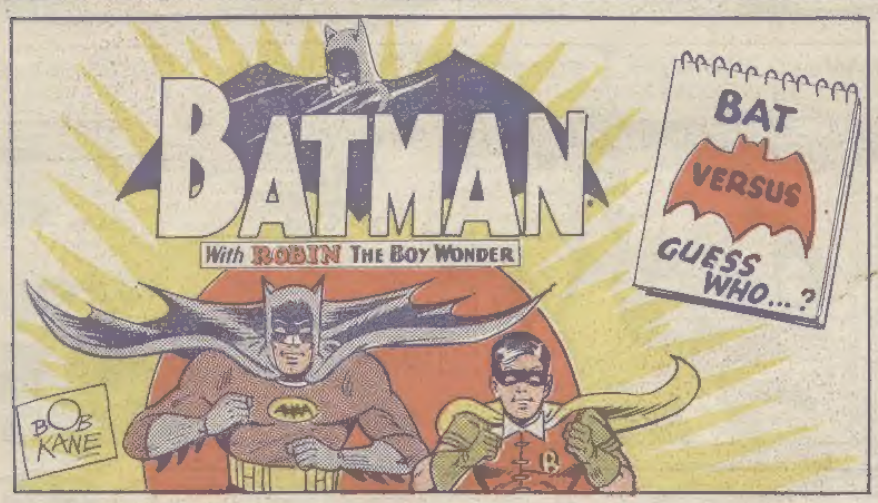
INSIDE: HULK *PLUS* AVENGERS *PLUS* CAPT. AMERICA!

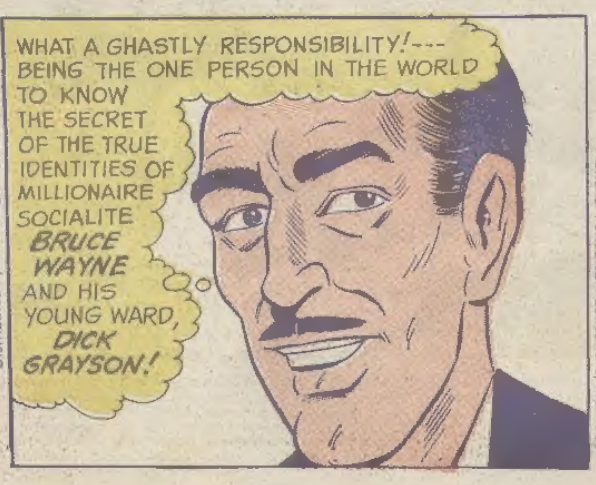
7d

SMASH!

No. 38
22nd OCT. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY



THE PORTLY PREDATOR UNLOOSES HIS SINFULLY-SECRET BROLLY AT THE GUARD OF SPIFFANY'S SUPERIOR SUPER STORE...



TURN THE PAGE – THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA BATMAN WAITING FOR YOU!

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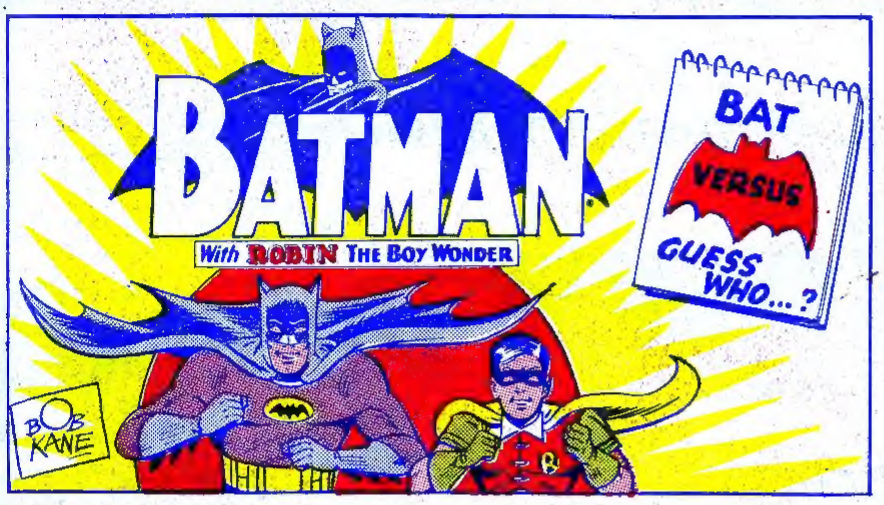

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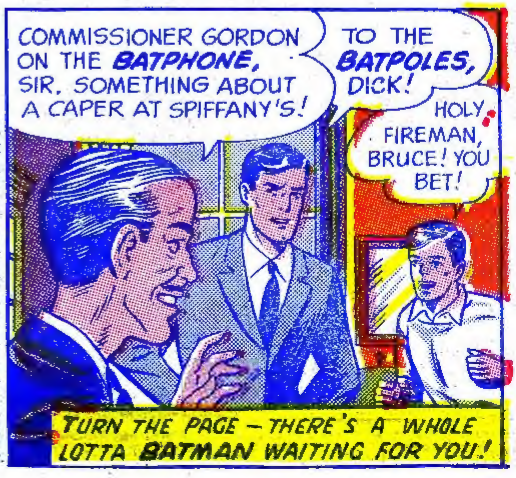

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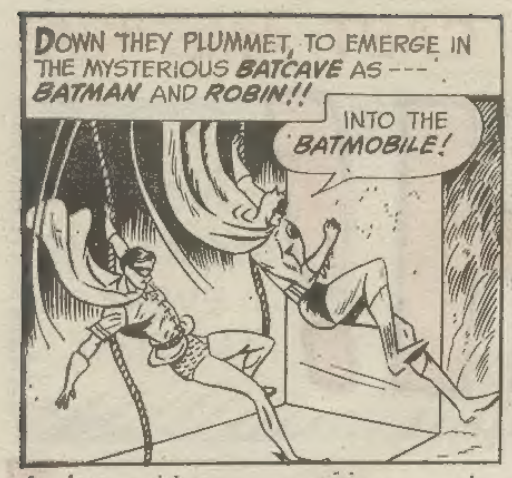

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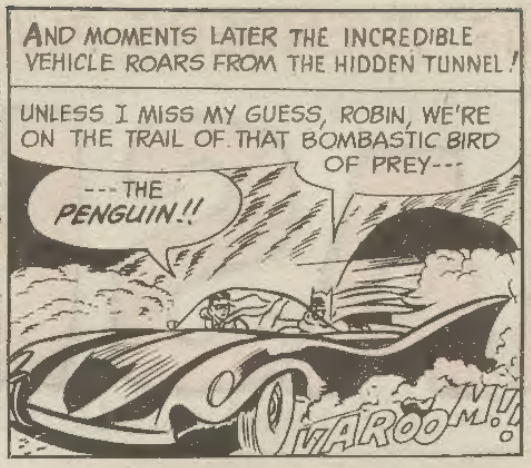

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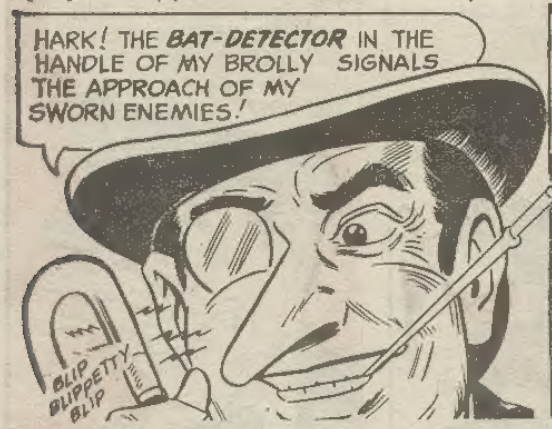

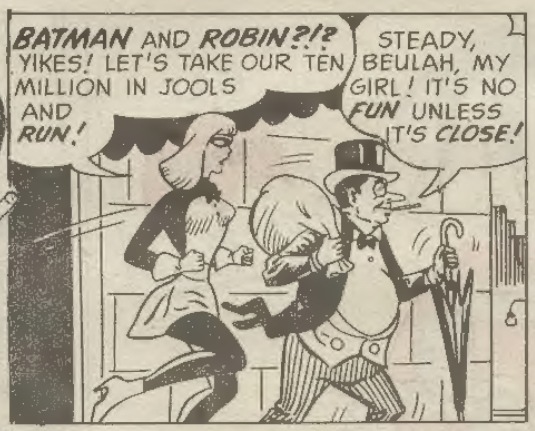

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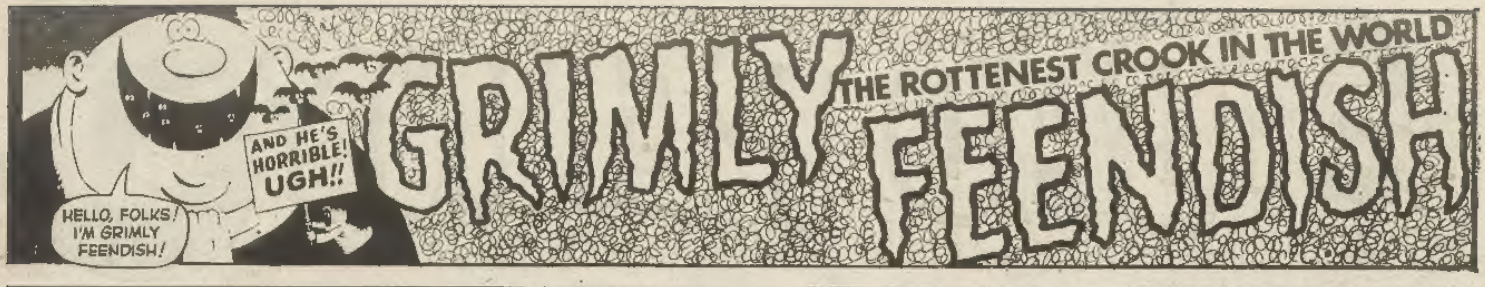
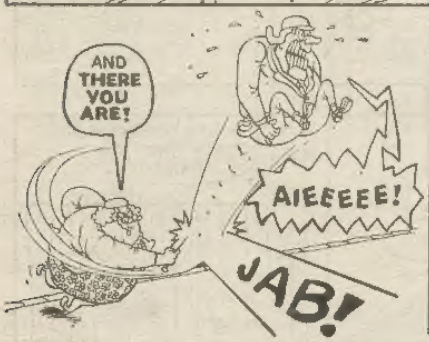
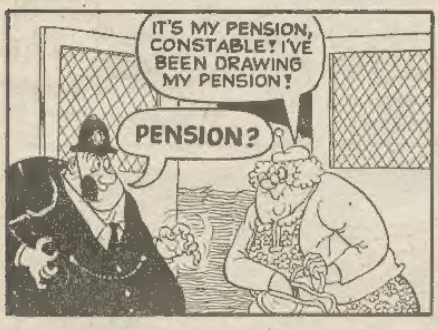
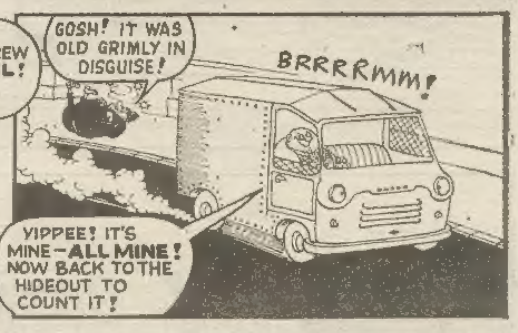
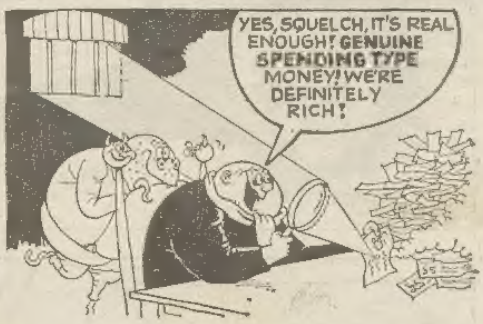
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

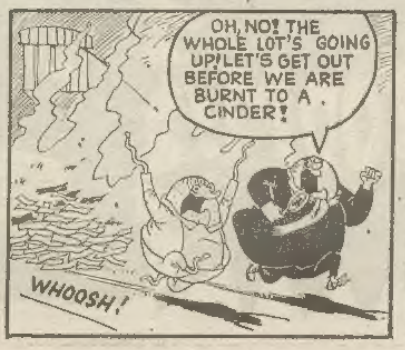


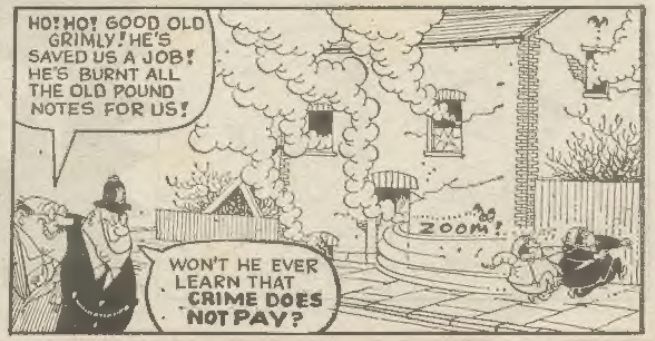












BAD PENNY

AMMO.

ONE PENNY 1966

COO! I'D HATE TO BE A GIRL, SAMMY! YOU CAN'T HAVE MUCH FUN WITH A SKIPPING ROPE!

SKIP! SKIP! SKIP!

OH, YEAH?

YEOW!

SOCK!

H-HELP! WHAT'S THAT?

SNIGGER! THIS SKIPPING ROPE MAKES A SMASHING FOOT-CATCHER!

GRRR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, PENNY! JUST WAIT TILL WE CATCH YOU— WE'LL TEAR YOU IN TWO!

HERE'S ONE PENNY THAT'S GOING TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS!

GOT 'ER!

TUM-TE-TUM!

GRR! RIGHT! LET'S GET HER!

WATCH THIS SKIPPING ROPE!

HUH! I CAN HANDLE THEIR KIND ANY TIME!

SCHEEZE!

SPLOOSH!

AAGH! CHEAT! IT'S A TRICK HANDLE! SHE'S GOT INK IN IT!

HEH! HEH! I'M A FOUNTAIN PENNY!

SQUIRT!

LATER...

HEH! HEH! THERE'S HER SKIPPING ROPE, FRED! WE'LL PINCH IT WHILE SHE'S NOT AROUND!

HELLO! WHAT'S PENNY UP TO?

SO THAT WAS WHAT PENNY WAS UP TO!

YANK!

SOOT

HEE! HEE! NOW WE'VE GOT IT!

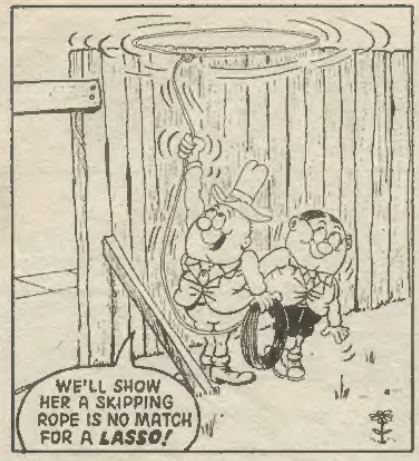
THEY WEREN'T KIDDING EITHER...!

FTOOM!

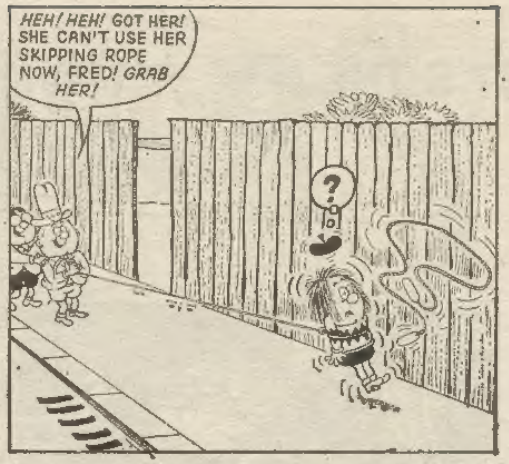
GRR! SHE'S REALLY FOR IT NOW!

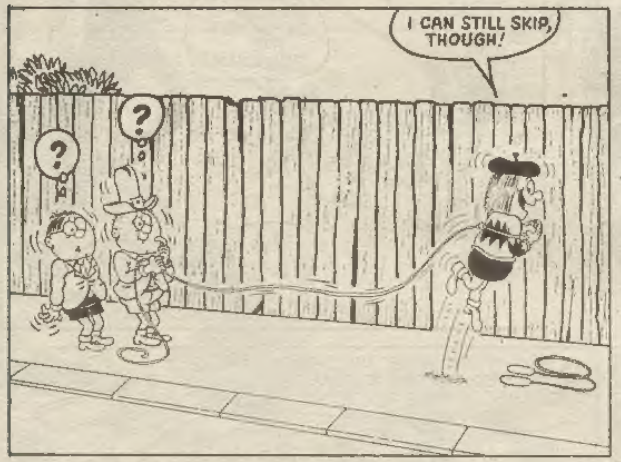
THAT SURE WAS A DIRTY TRICK! HEH! HEH!

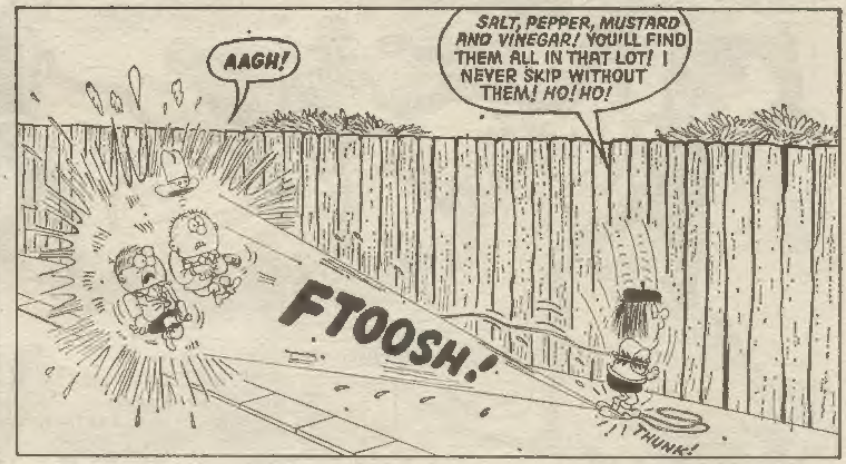
INNOCENT AIR


WE'LL SHOW HER A SKIPPING ROPE IS NO MATCH FOR A LASSO!

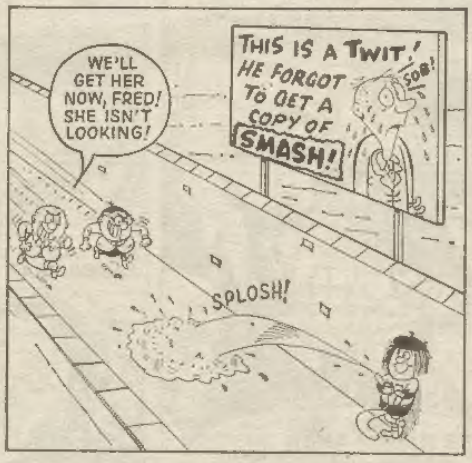
SALT, PEPPER, MUSTARD, VINEGAR...
SKIP! SKIP! SKIP! SKIP!


HEH! HEH! GOT HER! SHE CAN'T USE HER SKIPPING ROPE NOW, FRED! GRAB HER!
?


I CAN STILL SKIP, THOUGH!
?
?

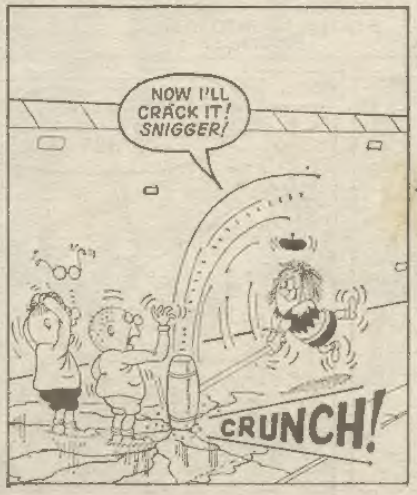

AAGH!
SALT, PEPPER, MUSTARD AND VINEGAR! YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN THAT LOT! I NEVER SKIP WITHOUT THEM! HO! HO!
FTOOSH!
THUNK!

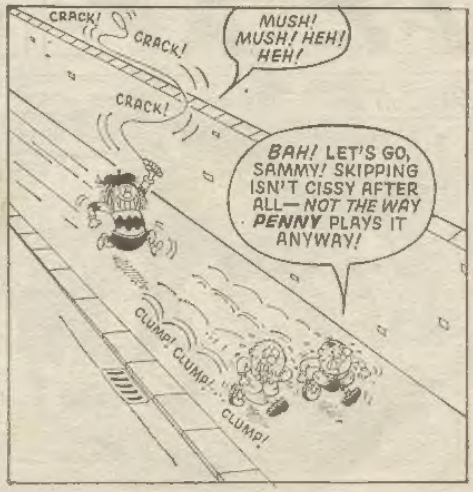
THAT'LL TEACH THOSE TWO SQUIRTS NOT TO MEDDLE WITH ME AGAIN!
SKIP! SKIP! SKIP!


WE'LL GET HER NOW, FRED! SHE ISN'T LOOKING!
THIS IS A TWIT! HE FORGOT TO GET A COPY OF SMASH!
SOB!
SPLOSH!

AAGH! NO! WE'RE STUCK!
STICK!
THAT'S SOME OF THE GUM I'VE JUST CHEWED!

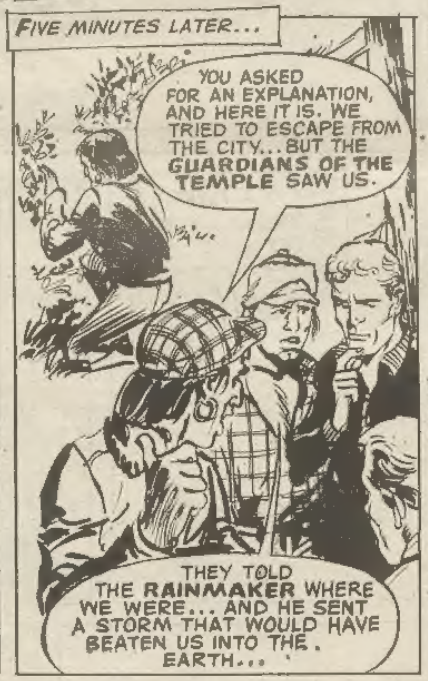
PUBLIC NOTICE
BUY BRITISH IT'S BEST! THAT MEANS BUY WHAM! and EAGLE!
ERK!
EEK!

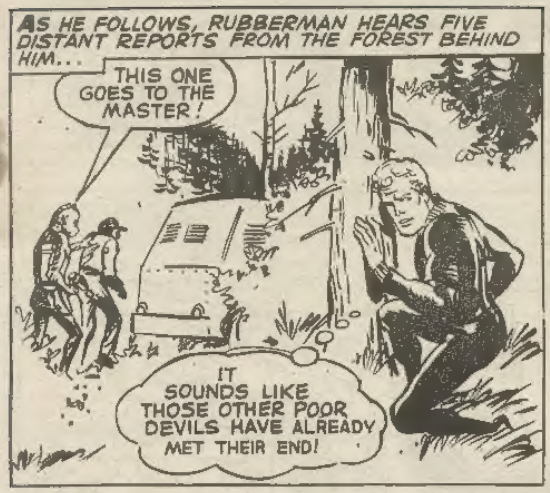

NOW I'LL CRACK IT! SNIGGER!
CRUNCH!

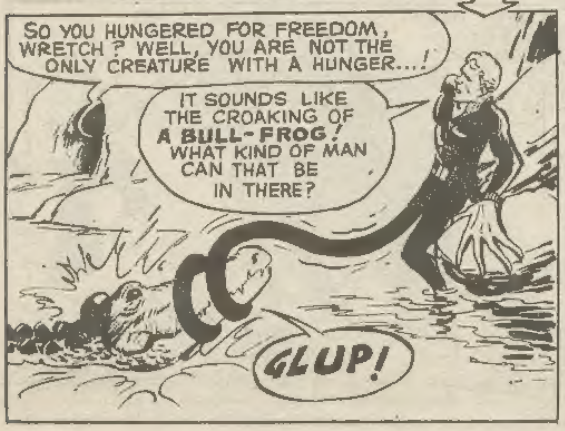

CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!
MUSH! MUSH! HEH! HEH!
BAH! LET'S GO, SAMMY! SKIPPING ISN'T CISSY AFTER ALL— NOT THE WAY PENNY PLAYS IT ANYWAY!
CLUMP! CLUMP!
CLUMP!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

A NIGHTMARE STORM... SIX FRIGHTENED MEN FLEEING FROM AN UN-NAMED PERIL... A SINISTER **FISHLIKE** GUNMAN. MAROONED IN A WIERD AND DESOLATE REGION OF CANADA, **RUBBERMAN** BEGINS HIS MOST SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE.....



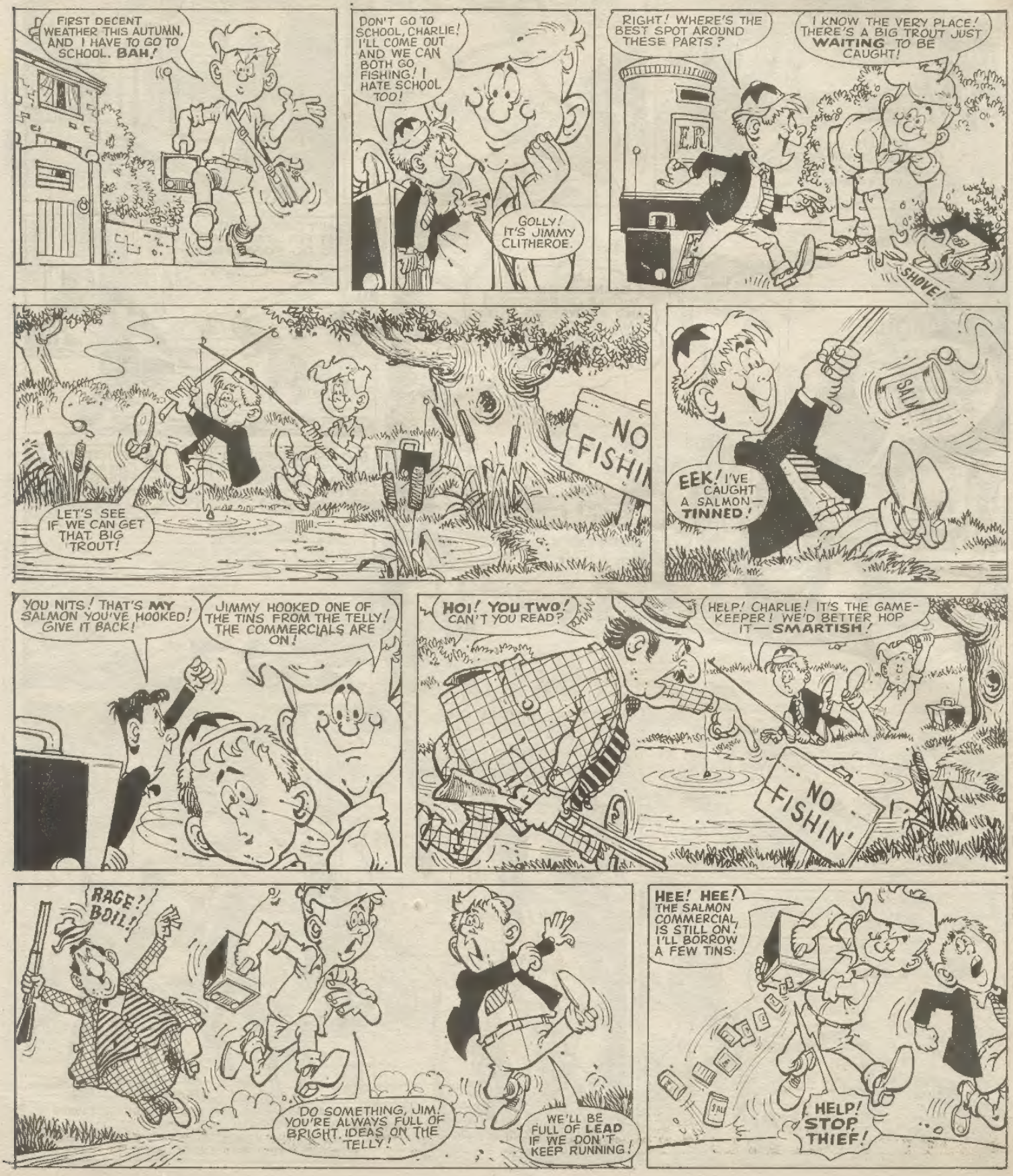




THE PIRANHA—A DREAD FISH THAT FEEDS ON LIVING HUMANS! BUT RUBBERMAN HAS MORE THAN MAN-EATING FISH ON HIS HANDS IN NEXT WEEK'S FANTASTIC EPISODE—YOU JUST CAN'T MISS IT!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...



HELP! AAGH! MOTHER!
SLIP!

SALMO
CRACK!

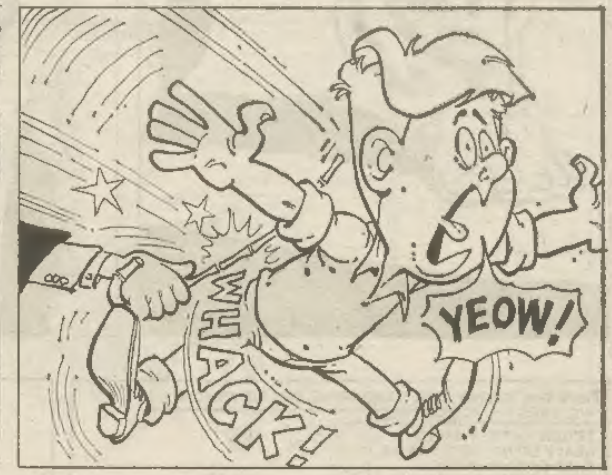
YOU'RE A GOOD OLD KIDDY, JIM.
YEAH! THE CLITHEROE KIDDY! HEH! HEH! LET'S GET ON WITH OUR FISHING.

WHAT ABOUT MY SALMON? WHERE ARE MY TINS?
OH! SHUT HIM UP, CHARLIE! SWITCH OVER TO ANOTHER CHANNEL!

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE! THAT'S SHUT HIM UP.

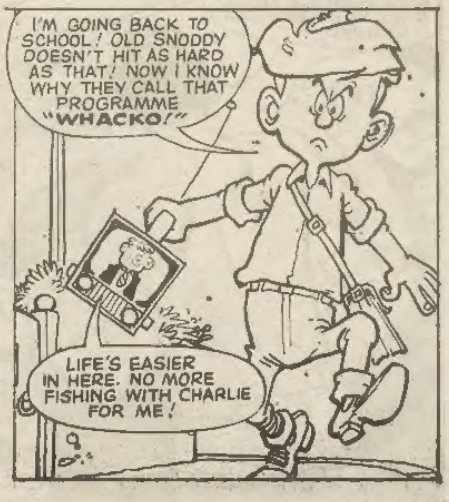
OOER! NOW IT'S A PROGRAMME ABOUT SCHOOLS! I DON'T WANT TO BE REMINDED OF THOSE 'ORRIBLE PLACES!

STILL, I NEEDN'T WATCH IT! I'LL GET A NEW WORM.


WHACK!
YEOW!

PLAYING TRUANT, EH? YOU BOUNDERS!
HELP! IT'S JIMMY EDWARDS— MR WHACKO HIMSELF!

MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO PLAY TRUANT!
OUCH! OOER!
OOH! OOH!
WHACK!

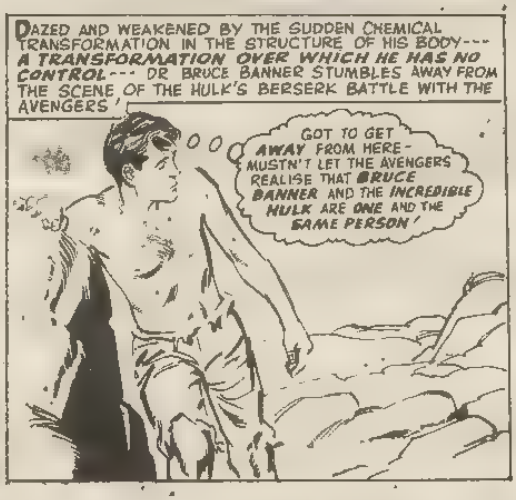

I'M GOING BACK TO SCHOOL! OLD SNODDY DOESN'T HIT AS HARD AS THAT! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL THAT PROGRAMME "WHACKO!"
LIFE'S EASIER IN HERE. NO MORE FISHING WITH CHARLIE FOR ME!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK IN THE MONSTER AND THE MATADOR!

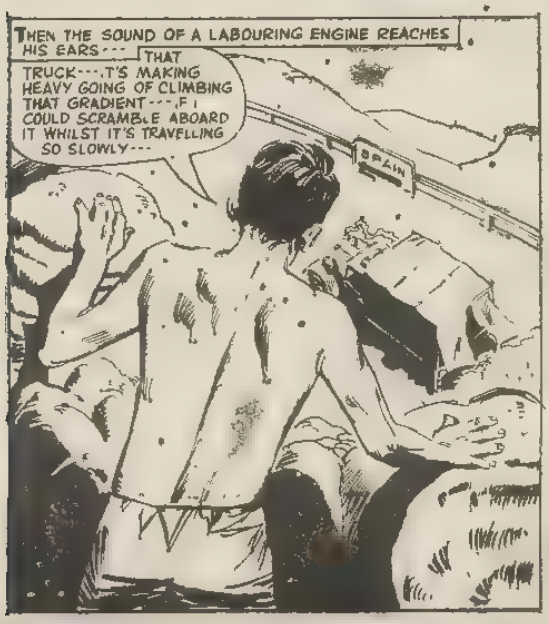
REMEMBER THE TITANIC TUSSLE THAT TOOK PLACE ON GIBRALTAR WHEN THE **HULK** AND THE **SUB-MARINER** FOUGHT THE AVENGERS? AS IF YOU'LL EVER FORGET!

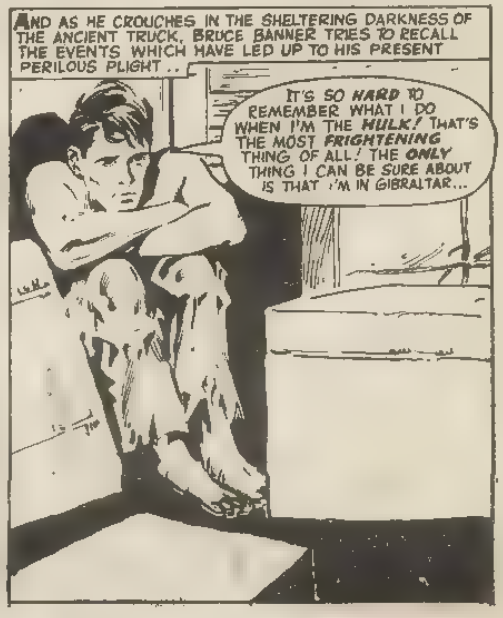
YOU'VE ALREADY HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO SUBBY WHEN HE BROKE OFF THE BATTLE — BUT NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, WE TELL THE ASTOUNDING STORY STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **HULK!**

JUST TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORIES, THE **HULK** FELT HIMSELF CHANGING BACK INTO DR BRUCE BANNER AND HAD TO FLEE FROM THE FIELD OF CONFLICT BEFORE THE AVENGERS REALISED HIS SECRET...

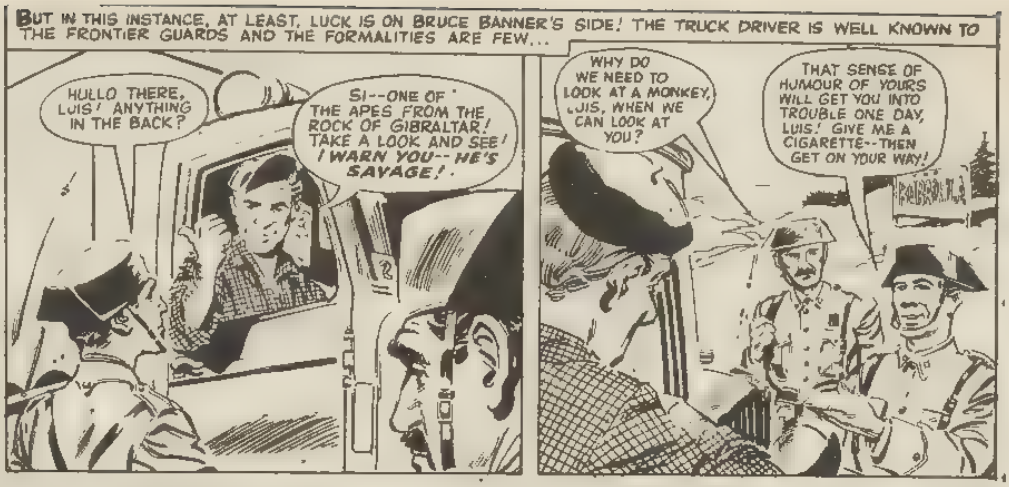


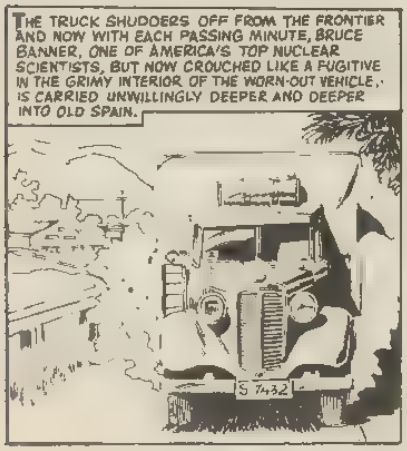
© Marvel Group 1966

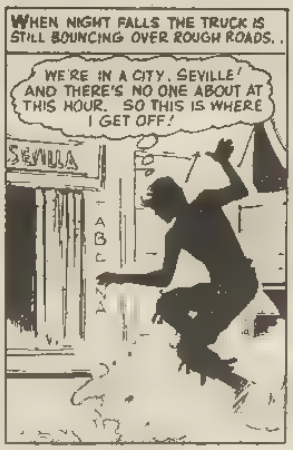


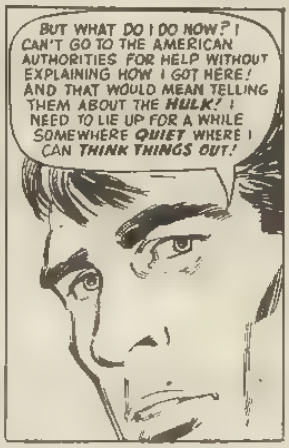


AND NOW IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE HEADING FOR THE SPANISH FRONTIER! IF THE TRUCK IS SEARCHED I'LL BE DISCOVERED! BUT I'M TOO TIRED TO RUN ANY MORE. . TOO TIRED.

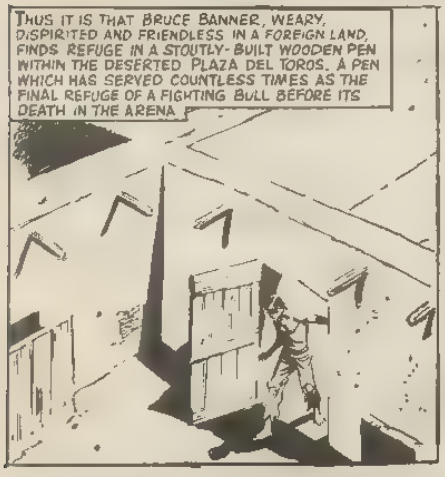

BUT IN THIS INSTANCE, AT LEAST, LUCK IS ON BRUCE BANNER'S SIDE! THE TRUCK DRIVER IS WELL KNOWN TO THE FRONTIER GUARDS AND THE FORMALITIES ARE FEW...
HULLO THERE, LUIS! ANYTHING IN THE BACK?
SI--ONE OF THE APES FROM THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR! TAKE A LOOK AND SEE! I WARN YOU-- HE'S SAVAGE!
WHY DO WE NEED TO LOOK AT A MONKEY, LUIS, WHEN WE CAN LOOK AT YOU?
THAT SENSE OF HUMOUR OF YOURS WILL GET YOU INTO TROUBLE ONE DAY, LUIS! GIVE ME A CIGARETTE--THEN GET ON YOUR WAY!

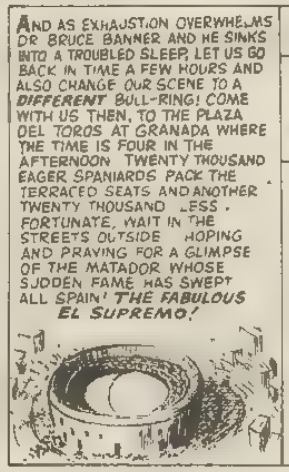

THE TRUCK SHUDDERS OFF FROM THE FRONTIER AND NOW WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE, BRUCE BANNER, ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP NUCLEAR SCIENTISTS, BUT NOW CROUCHED LIKE A FUGITIVE IN THE GRIMY INTERIOR OF THE WORN-OUT VEHICLE, IS CARRIED UNWILLINGLY DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO OLD SPAIN.
S 7432

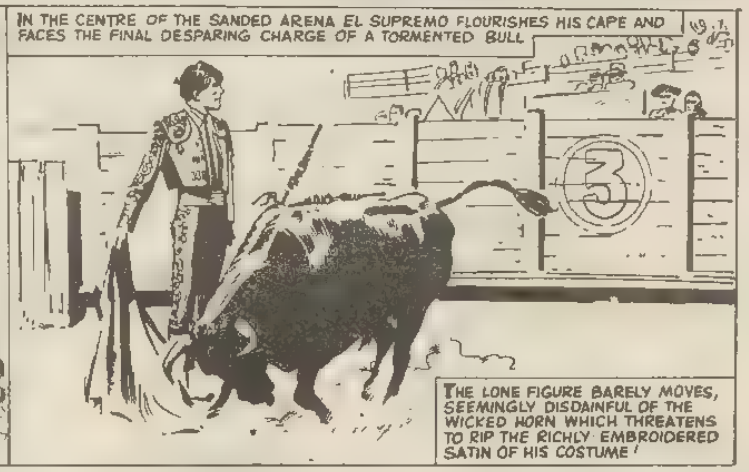

WHEN NIGHT FALLS THE TRUCK IS STILL BOUNCING OVER ROUGH ROADS..
WE'RE IN A CITY. SEVILLE! AND THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT AT THIS HOUR. SO THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!
SEVILLA

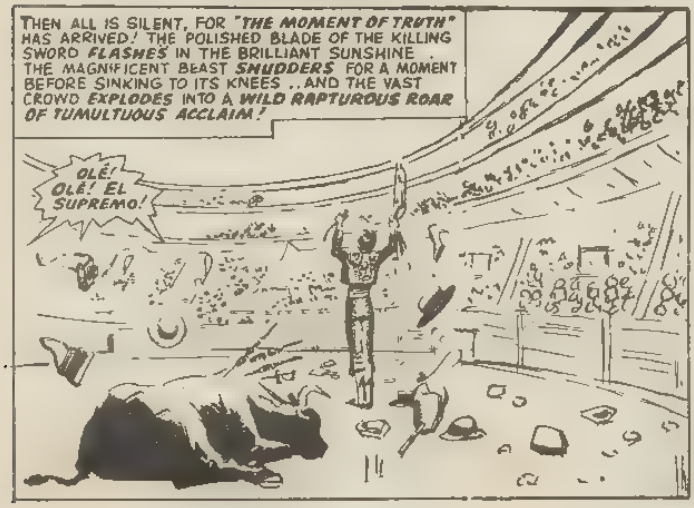

BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW? I CAN'T GO TO THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES FOR HELP WITHOUT EXPLAINING HOW I GOT HERE! AND THAT WOULD MEAN TELLING THEM ABOUT THE HULK! I NEED TO LIE UP FOR A WHILE SOMEWHERE QUIET WHERE I CAN THINK THINGS OUT!

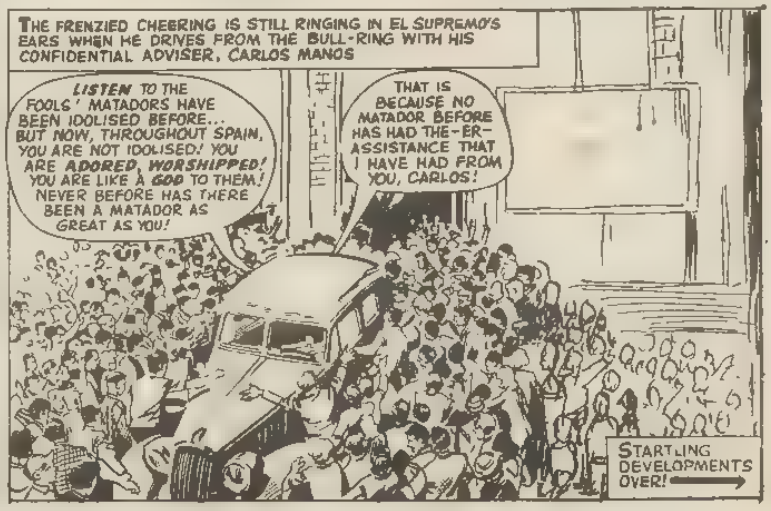
THAT BULL RING! THAT WOULD MAKE A HIDEOUT. NO ONE WOULD STUMBLE OVER ME IN THERE AND START ASKING ME QUESTIONS!


THUS IT IS THAT BRUCE BANNER, WEARY, DISPIRITED AND FRIENDLESS IN A FOREIGN LAND, FINDS REFUGE IN A STOUTLY-BUILT WOODEN PEN WITHIN THE DESERTED PLAZA DEL TOROS. A PEN WHICH HAS SERVED COUNTLESS TIMES AS THE FINAL REFUGE OF A FIGHTING BULL BEFORE ITS DEATH IN THE ARENA


AND AS EXHAUSTION OVERWHELMS DR BRUCE BANNER AND HE SINKS INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP, LET US GO BACK IN TIME A FEW HOURS AND ALSO CHANGE OUR SCENE TO A DIFFERENT BULL-RING! COME WITH US THEN, TO THE PLAZA DEL TOROS AT GRANADA WHERE THE TIME IS FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON TWENTY THOUSAND EAGER SPANIARDS PACK THE TERRACED SEATS AND ANOTHER TWENTY THOUSAND LESS FORTUNATE, WAIT IN THE STREETS OUTSIDE HOPING AND PRAYING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE MATADOR WHOSE SUDDEN FAME HAS SWEPT ALL SPAIN! THE FABULOUS EL SUPREMO!


IN THE CENTRE OF THE SANDED ARENA EL SUPREMO FLOURISHES HIS CAPE AND FACES THE FINAL DESPARING CHARGE OF A TORMENTED BULL
3
THE LONE FIGURE BARELY MOVES, SEEMINGLY DISDAINFUL OF THE WICKED HORN WHICH THREATENS TO RIP THE RICHLY EMBROIDERED SATIN OF HIS COSTUME!


THEN ALL IS SILENT, FOR "THE MOMENT OF TRUTH" HAS ARRIVED! THE POLISHED BLADE OF THE KILLING SWORD FLASHES IN THE BRILLIANT SUNSHINE . THE MAGNIFICENT BEAST SHUDDERS FOR A MOMENT BEFORE SINKING TO ITS KNEES .. AND THE VAST CROWD EXPLODES INTO A WILD RAPTUROUS ROAR OF TUMULTUOUS ACCLAIM!
OLÉ! OLÉ! EL SUPREMO!


THE FRENZIED CHEERING IS STILL RINGING IN EL SUPREMO'S EARS WHEN HE DRIVES FROM THE BULL-RING WITH HIS CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER, CARLOS MANOS
LISTEN TO THE FOOLS! MATADORS HAVE BEEN IDOLISED BEFORE... BUT NOW, THROUGHOUT SPAIN, YOU ARE NOT IDOLISED! YOU ARE ADORED, WORSHIPPED! YOU ARE LIKE A GOD TO THEM! NEVER BEFORE HAS THERE BEEN A MATADOR AS GREAT AS YOU!
THAT IS BECAUSE NO MATADOR BEFORE HAS HAD THE-ER-ASSISTANCE THAT I HAVE HAD FROM YOU, CARLOS!
STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS OVER!

AND IT IS SO EASY. AN INCH FILED FROM THE END OF THE BULL'S HORNS, SO THAT HE MISJUDGES WHEN HE HOOKS. KEEP HIM IN COMPLETE DARKNESS FOR HOURS BEFORE THE FIGHT SO THAT THE SUDDEN SUNLIGHT OF THE ARENA BLINDS HIM ..

AND MOST EFFECTIVE OF ALL, ***YOUR SPECIAL DRUG PLACED UPON THE POINTS OF THE BANDERILLEROS' DARTS!*** THE INVENTION OF THAT DRUG WAS YOUR GREATEST STROKE OF GENIUS! IT WEAKENS THE BULL.. AND YET, TO THE SPECTATORS HE SEEMS AS STRONG AS EVER!

YOU ARE NOW ***MORE*** THAN A ***MAN*** TO THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN. YOU ARE A ***GOD*** THEY WOULD DO ***ANYTHING*** YOU ASK OF THEM ***ANYTHING!*** AND WHEN OUR TOUR OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES IS COMPLETED THE PEOPLE THERE WILL BE EQUALLY UNDER YOUR SPELL!

TWO VAST PORTIONS OF THE GLOBE UNDER MY CONTROL, CARLOS. ***MINE TO MANIPULATE!*** THIS IS WHAT I HAVE WORKED FOR. FIRST THERE WILL BE A REVOLUTION TO ENABLE ME TO SEIZE OPEN POWER BOTH HERE AND IN SOUTH AMERICA... AND THEN, WITH SUCH STRENGTH, ***I, EL SUPREMO, COULD HOLD THE BALANCE OF POWER BETWEEN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN WORLDS!***

I HAVE BUT ONE MORE BULL-FIGHT IN SPAIN BEFORE I LEAVE FOR SOUTH AMERICA AND I HAVE DECIDED THAT THIS FINAL APPEARANCE SHALL BE MY GREATEST TRIUMPH EVER! ***FOR YEARS TO COME PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER EL SUPREMO AND SEVILLE!***

BUT WHAT OF DR BRUCE BANNER? WE LEFT HIM SLEEPING IN ONE OF THE BULL PENS OF THE ***PLAZA DEL TOROS*** IN SEVILLE AND NOT UNTIL A NOISE DISTURBS HIM THE FOLLOWING MORNING DOES HE AWAKE.

VOICES! AND THE SOUND OF CATTLE! SOMETHING IS GOING ON OUTSIDE! MUSTN'T LET ANYONE FIND ME HERE ..

THERE'S A DOOR AT EACH END OF THIS PLACE! IF I WEDGE THEM WITH THESE PIECES OF WOOD NO-ONE WILL BE ABLE TO GET IN AT ME.

OUTSIDE, CARLOS MANOS IS SUPERVISING THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE AFTERNOON'S CORRIDA.

THE DOOR OF THIS PEN SEEMS TO BE JAMMED FROM INSIDE, SENOR CARLOS! I CAN'T GET IT OPEN!

LEAVE IT WE WILL NOT USE THAT ONE..

NOW REMEMBER! EACH OF THE DARTS MUST BE MOISTENED WITH THIS DRUG BEFORE THEY ARE GIVEN TO THE BANDERILLEROS! ***BUT THIS IS OUR SECRET!***

SI, SENOR CARLOS! ONLY YOU AND I KNOW OF THIS. YOU AND I AND THE BULL, EH? BUT HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TELL ANYONE WHAT WE HAVE DONE TO HIM!

THE WHISPERED WORDS CARRY TO THE EARS OF BRUCE BANNER, WHO STANDS TENSELY, FEARING DISCOVERY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODEN DOOR.

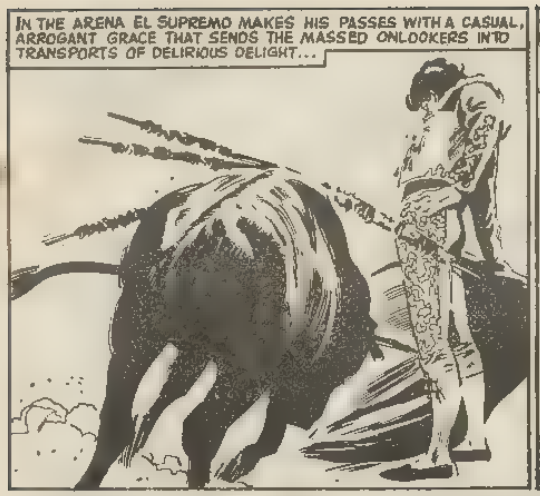
SOUNDS AS IF TODAY'S BULL FIGHT IS TO BE FIXED-- ***IN FAVOUR OF THE BULL-FIGHTER!*** BUT I DAREN'T INTERFERE: I'M IN A BAD ENOUGH SPOT AS IT IS!

BY MID-AFTERNOON THE STAGE IS SET, AND THE ACTORS IN THIS DAY OF DRAMA ARE IN THEIR APPOINTED PLACES! IN SEPARATE PENS THAT RING THE ARENA WAIT ***SIX MAGNIFICENT MURA FIGHTING BULLS!*** AND IN A SEVENTH PEN, HIS PRESENCE UTTERLY UNSUSPECTED, SHRINKS ***DR BRUCE BANNER!*** AN ADORING, EXCITED CROWD CRAMS THE TERRACES ..AND INTO THE SUNLIGHT STEPS THE PROUD, RESPLENDENTLY-COSTUMED FIGURE OF THE ***IDOL OF ALL SPAIN!***

EL SUPREMO!

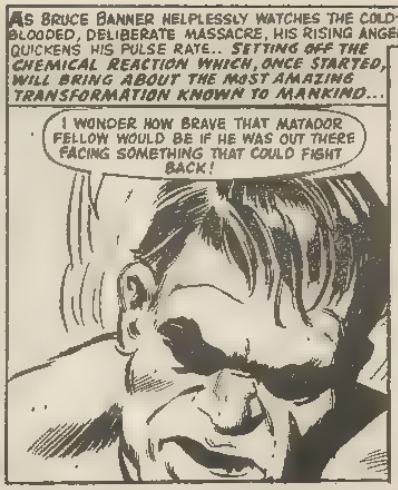
FROM HIS HIDING PLACE BRUCE BANNER WATCHES THE PRELIMINARIES OF THE FIRST FIGHT TAKE PLACE.

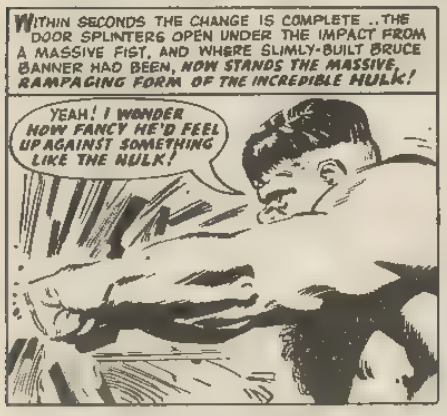
THERE GO THE BANDERILLEROS DARTS INTO THE BULL'S NECK...AND ACCORDING TO WHAT I OVERHEARD, THERE'S A DRUG ON THE TIPS OF THE DARTS! MUST HAVE THE EFFECT OF WEAKENING THE BULL SO THAT THE MATADOR IS IN NO REAL DANGER!


IN THE ARENA EL SUPREMO MAKES HIS PASSES WITH A CASUAL, ARROGANT GRACE THAT SENDS THE MASSED ONLOOKERS INTO TRANSPORTS OF DELIRIOUS DELIGHT...

HA! THE FOOLS WOULD NOT CHEER IF THEY REALISED THE TRUTH! THAT THIS BULL, WHICH LOOKS SO DANGEROUSLY POWERFUL, IS TOO WEAK TO TOSS A CHILD!

BUT THERE IS ONE SPECTATOR WHO IS NOT DUPED INTO CREDITING EL SUPREMO WITH SKILL AND COURAGE HE DOES NOT POSSESS! KNOWING, AS HE DOES, SOMETHING OF THE TRUTH OF THE BULL'S CONDITION, BRUCE BANNER WATCHES EL SUPREMO'S PERFORMANCE WITH MOUNTING PASSION.
THE BULL DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THIS ISN'T SPORT—IT'S SHEER BUTCHERY OF A HELPLESS ANIMAL!

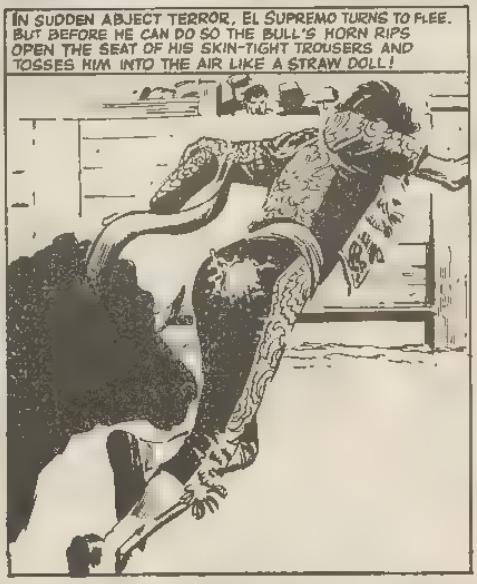

AS BRUCE BANNER HELPLESSLY WATCHES THE COLD-BLOODED, DELIBERATE MASSACRE, HIS RISING ANGER QUICKENS HIS PULSE RATE.. SETTING OFF THE CHEMICAL REACTION WHICH, ONCE STARTED, WILL BRING ABOUT THE MOST AMAZING TRANSFORMATION KNOWN TO MANKIND...
I WONDER HOW BRAVE THAT MATADOR FELLOW WOULD BE IF HE WAS OUT THERE FACING SOMETHING THAT COULD FIGHT BACK!

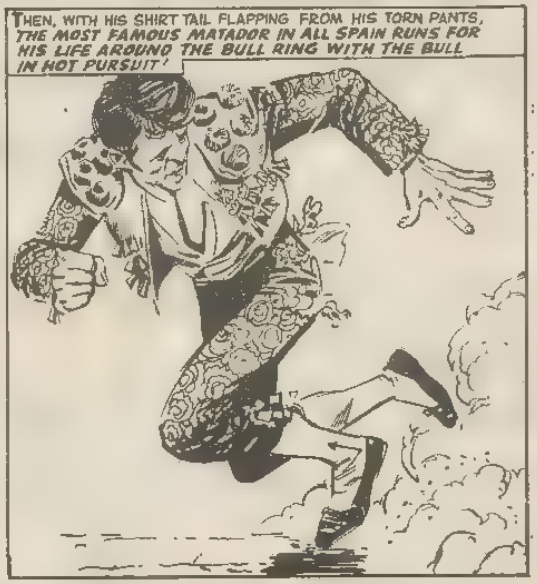

WITHIN SECONDS THE CHANGE IS COMPLETE ..THE DOOR SPLINTERS OPEN UNDER THE IMPACT FROM A MASSIVE FIST, AND WHERE SLIMLY-BUILT BRUCE BANNER HAD BEEN, NOW STANDS THE MASSIVE, RAMPAGING FORM OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
YEAH! I WONDER HOW FANCY HE'D FEEL UP AGAINST SOMETHING LIKE THE HULK!

THIS SHOW NEEDS LIVENING UP—SO I'LL LET OUT ONE OF THESE OTHER BULLS! ONE THAT HASN'T YET BEEN DOPED HALF TO DEATH!

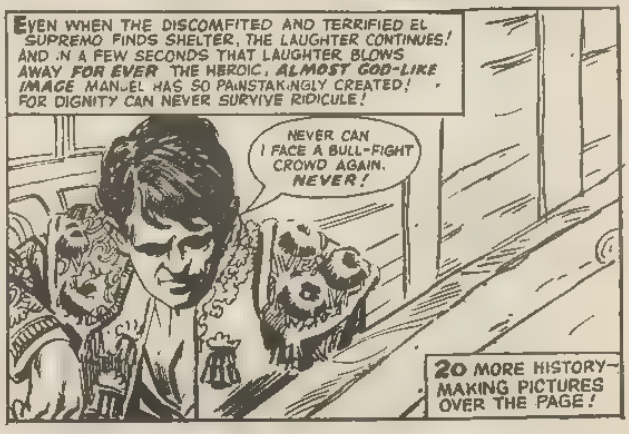
AND BEFORE MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF SPECTATORS ARE AWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING, THE MIGHTY HULK RIPS AWAY THE DOOR OF ANOTHER PEN...AND RELEASES TWO-TONS OF SNORTING, MADDENED, FIGHTING BULL INTO THE ARENA!
I'M GIVING YA A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT YOU CAN DO, BULLY BOY! SO GIVE THE FOLKS THEIR MONEY'S WORTH---OR I'LL HAVE YA AS A BEEF SANDWICH!
AAAH!

WH-WHAT IS HAPPENING?


IN SUDDEN ABJECT TERROR, EL SUPREMO TURNS TO FLEE. BUT BEFORE HE CAN DO SO THE BULL'S HORN RIPS OPEN THE SEAT OF HIS SKIN-TIGHT TROUSERS AND TOSSES HIM INTO THE AIR LIKE A STRAW DOLL!


THEN, WITH HIS SHIRT TAIL FLAPPING FROM HIS TORN PANTS, THE MOST FAMOUS MATADOR IN ALL SPAIN RUNS FOR HIS LIFE AROUND THE BULL RING WITH THE BULL IN HOT PURSUIT!

FOR A LONG, LONG MOMENT THE CROWD IS STUNNED INTO SILENCE...AND THEN A FEW QUIET CHUCKLES SWELL QUICKLY INTO LOUD GUFFAWS, UNTIL THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE ROCKS WITH UNCONTROLLABLE MIRTH!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO!


EVEN WHEN THE DISCOMFITED AND TERRIFIED EL SUPREMO FINDS SHELTER, THE LAUGHTER CONTINUES! AND IN A FEW SECONDS THAT LAUGHTER BLOWS AWAY FOR EVER THE HEROIC, ALMOST GOD-LIKE IMAGE MANUEL HAS SO PAINSTAKINGLY CREATED! FOR DIGNITY CAN NEVER SURVIVE RIDICULE!
NEVER CAN I FACE A BULL-FIGHT CROWD AGAIN. NEVER!
20 MORE HISTORY-MAKING PICTURES OVER THE PAGE!

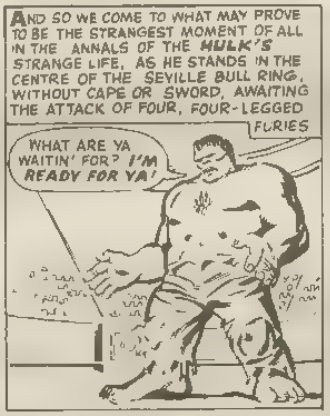
IT IS LEFT TO CARLOS MANOS TO TRY TO GAIN REVENGE FOR HIS MASTER...
THAT'S WHO CAUSED THE TROUBLE! THROW YOUR DARTS AT HIM!

YOU MAY BE BIG— BUT WITHIN SECONDS THE DRUG ON THE TIPS OF THOSE DARTS WILL MAKE YOU AS WEAK AS A KITTEN! THEN WE SHALL SEE WHO LAUGHS!

YOU DARE THROW YOUR LITTLE TOYS AT ME! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I'M THE HULK!

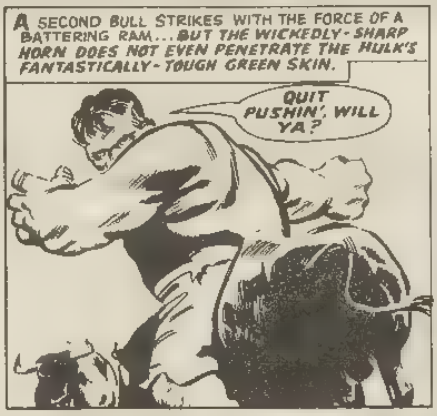
OW...!

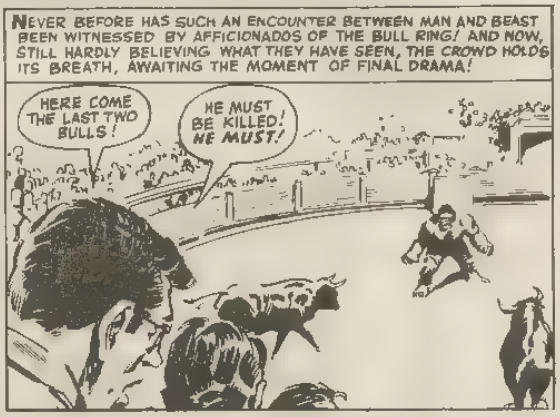
ALL THE PEOPLE HERE PAID TO SEE A BULL FIGHT AND THEY AIN'T HAD ONE YET! BUT NOW THEY'RE GONNA SEE ONE THEY WON'T EVER FORGET!
YOU MEN THERE! YOU'VE GOT FOUR MORE BULLS IN THOSE PENS--- LET 'EM ALL OUT TOGETHER!
Y-YES, SIR!


AND SO WE COME TO WHAT MAY PROVE TO BE THE STRANGEST MOMENT OF ALL IN THE ANNALS OF THE HULK'S STRANGE LIFE, AS HE STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE SEVILLE BULL RING, WITHOUT CAPE OR SWORD, AWAITING THE ATTACK OF FOUR, FOUR-LEGGED FURIES
WHAT ARE YA WAITIN' FOR? I'M READY FOR YA!

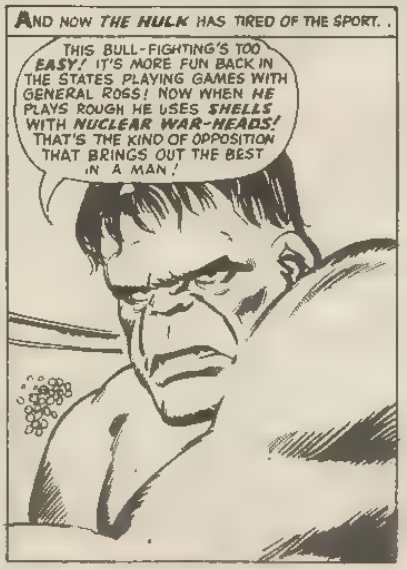
WHO IS HE? WHERE HAS HE COME FROM?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE'S A MADMAN! THE BULLS WILL KILL HIM!

THE FIRST BULL BEARS DOWN UPON THE UNFLINCHING FIGURE WITH SEEMINGLY IRRESISTIBLE POWER! BUT AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT THE HULK STRETCHES OUT A MASSIVE HAND THAT HALTS THE CHARGING BEAST MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN A BRICK WALL!
HOLD IT! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!


A SECOND BULL STRIKES WITH THE FORCE OF A BATTERING RAM... BUT THE WICKEDLY-SHARP HORN DOES NOT EVEN PENETRATE THE HULK'S FANTASTICALLY-TOUGH GREEN SKIN.
QUIT PUSHIN', WILL YA?


NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST BEEN WITNESSED BY AFFICIONADOS OF THE BULL RING! AND NOW, STILL HARDLY BELIEVING WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN, THE CROWD HOLDS ITS BREATH, AWAITING THE MOMENT OF FINAL DRAMA!
HERE COME THE LAST TWO BULLS!
HE MUST BE KILLED! HE MUST!

BUT YET MORE HISTORY IS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS DAY OF DAYS THOUGH BRED AND REARED FOR ONE DESTINY ONLY--TO FIGHT AND, IF POSSIBLE, KILL MAN--THE TWO GREAT BULLS FALTER IN THEIR STRIDE THEN TURN AND RUN FROM THE SAVAGE, UNFLINCHING STARE OF THE UNARMED HULK!
I DO NOT BELIEVE IT! I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! A MURA BULL COMES ALWAYS FORWARD... TO FIGHT!


AND NOW THE HULK HAS TIRED OF THE SPORT...
THIS BULL-FIGHTING'S TOO EASY! IT'S MORE FUN BACK IN THE STATES PLAYING GAMES WITH GENERAL ROSS! NOW WHEN HE PLAYS ROUGH HE USES SHELLS WITH NUCLEAR WAR-HEADS! THAT'S THE KIND OF OPPOSITION THAT BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN A MAN!

AND, TENSING THE MOST POWERFUL LEG MUSCLES EVER POSSESSED BY MORTAL MAN, THE HULK PROPELS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR...

THE **HULK** MAY HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE... BUT DR BRUCE BANNER HAS **PLENTY** TO LIVE FOR! AND IF THE **HULK** SHOULD BECOME BRUCE BANNER IN MID-ATLANTIC WHAT CHANCE OF SURVIVAL WOULD BRUCE HAVE? LOOK OUT FOR A NEW AND EVEN MORE DRAMATIC TURN NEXT WEEK, IN **THE HISTORY OF THE HULK!**

FROM THE FLOOR OF SIXTY-FOUR. ★

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Dept of Advance Information

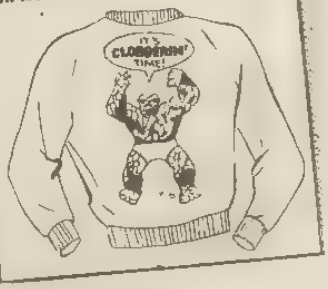
WE'VE lost count of the number of letters we've received asking us to feature more Merry Marvel characters in addition to the Incredible Hulk, The Fantastic Four and The Avengers. And the character most of you want to see swinging into action is that mixed-up teenager Peter Parker—otherwise known as Spider-Man. So we're making plans for a new comic that will feature old Spidey in person every week in a long, movie-length yarn We can't tell you what we're going to call this one because the spies are everywhere. But we'll be giving you more news later. In the meantime —Sssh!

★ ★ ★

WE know we've got the most loyal bunch of fans that money can't buy—and you've proved it once again by writing in to warn us that a certain daily newspaper publishes the same Batman adventure as we do. But fear not, frantic ones As from this very moment we are setting this right—and Batman's recent jaunt with the Joker is now followed by a battle of wits with the Penguin—and this is a towering tale that has never been told in these sceptred isles! No—not anywhere! So don't dare move away for the best is still to come!

★ ★ ★

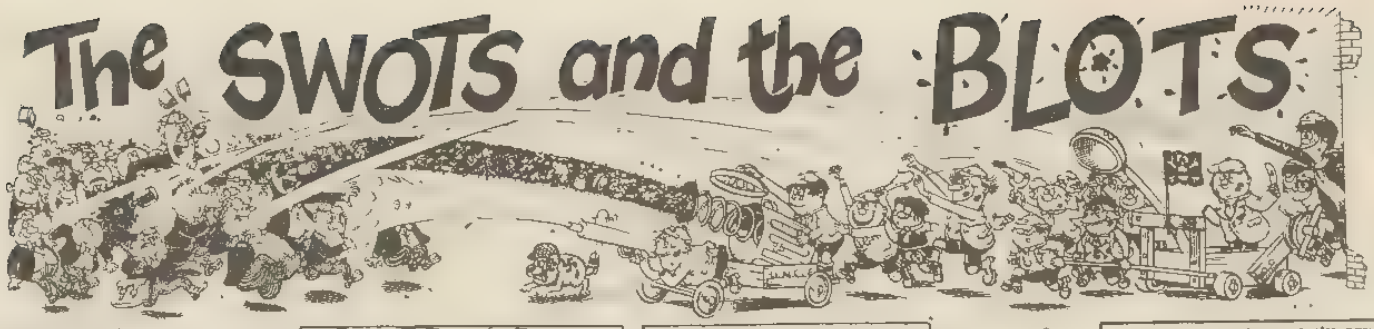
WE didn't know what we were starting when we began giving an Incredible Hulk sweatshirt to the writer of every letter published in SMASH! And now Fantastic Four followers are demanding equal rights for WHAM! Well, you know how obliging we are—and to prove it we're trying to arrange a supply of sweatshirts featuring the lovable blue-eyed THING. And if we get them we'll be giving one to every reader who has a letter published in WHAM! We can't promise—but we're really trying. And here's a preview of what these sweatshirts will look like, if we get them. Cool eh?

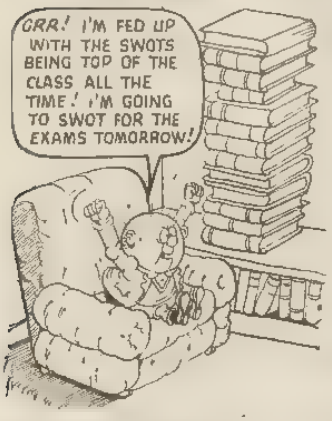


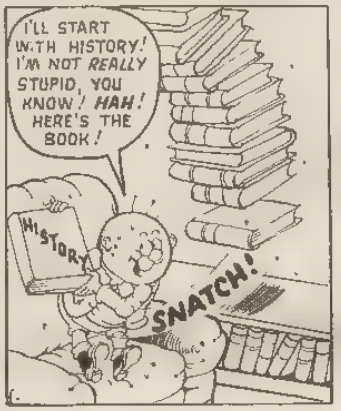
Meet Twenty Fellow Frantic Followers...

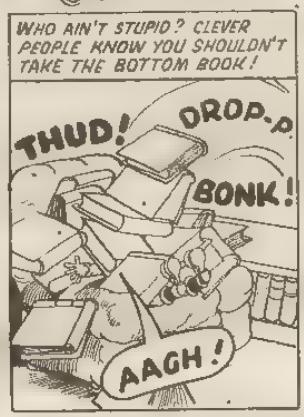
Bryan Sharton, Newcastle, David Kempton Hadleigh Michael Donovan, South Wales, Andrew Cole Liverpool, Kevin Townsley, Leeds, Robert Bayley, Cheshire, Barry Cable, Southend; David Moore, Sheffield, Christopher Skelton, Camberwell, Andrew Wesley, Leicester Kevin Dean, Surrey; Stephen Middleton, Hull, Barrie McManus, Colwyn Bay; Neil Baker, Tonbridge Wells, Geoffrey McCaw, Belfast Kenneth Higgins, Yorkshire, Malcolm Ball, Shrewsbury Rodney Gazzard, Edmonton; Charles Horner, Scarborough; Ann Gouldsbrough, Edinburgh

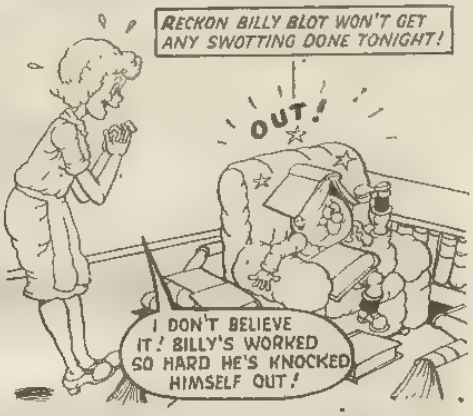
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

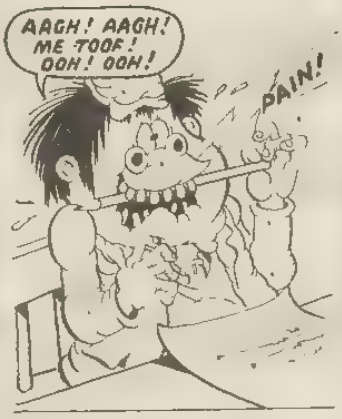


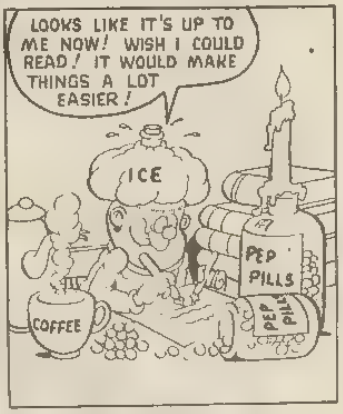


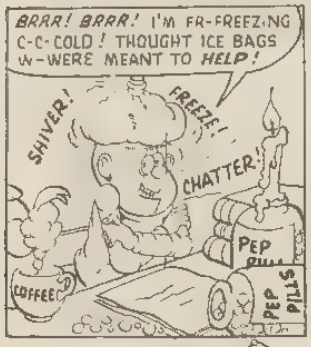


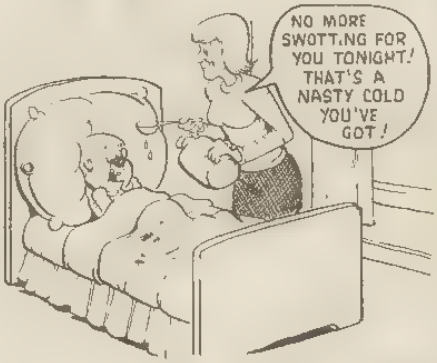


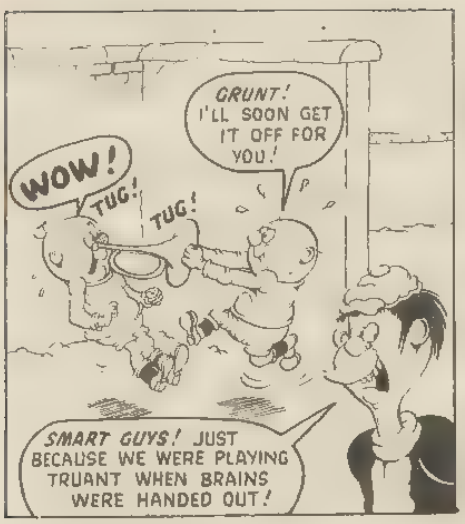


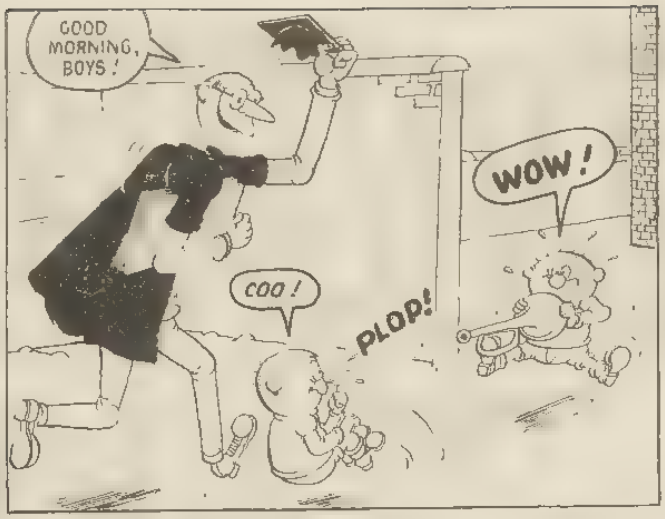


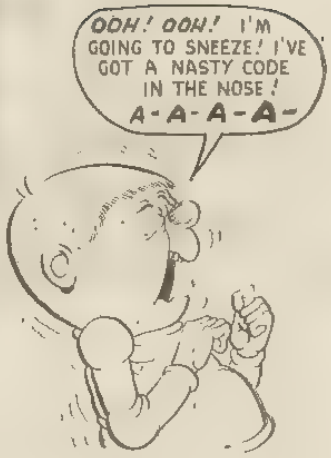


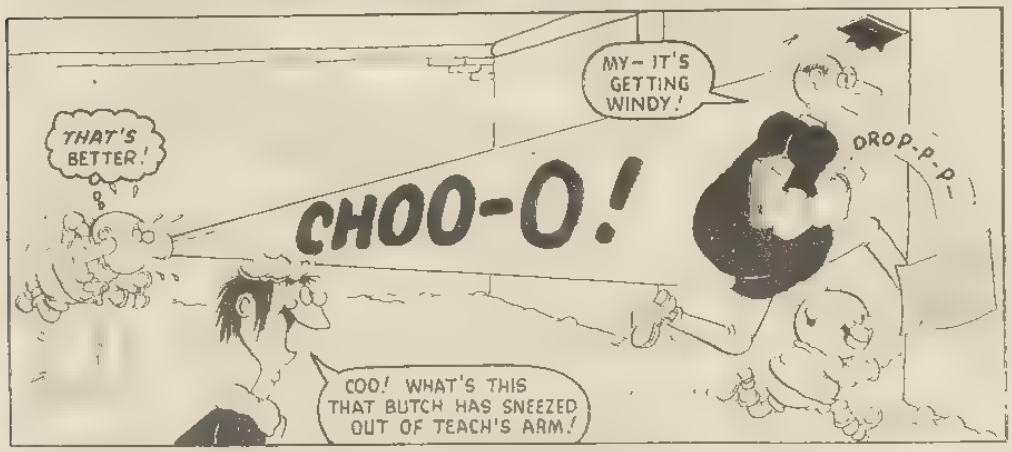




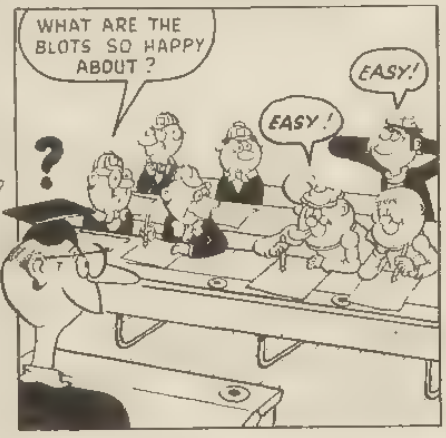

WOW!
TUG!
TUG!
GRUNT! I'LL SOON GET IT OFF FOR YOU!
SMART GUYS! JUST BECAUSE WE WERE PLAYING TRUANT WHEN BRAINS WERE HANDED OUT!

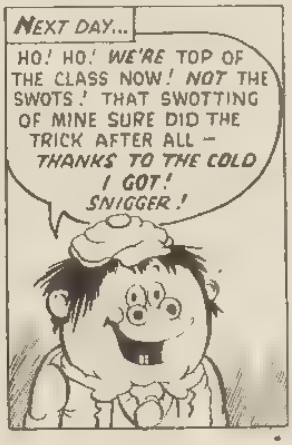

GOOD MORNING, BOYS!
WOW!
COO!
PLOP!


OOH! OOH! I'M GOING TO SNEEZE! I'VE GOT A NASTY CODE IN THE NOSE! A-A-A-A-

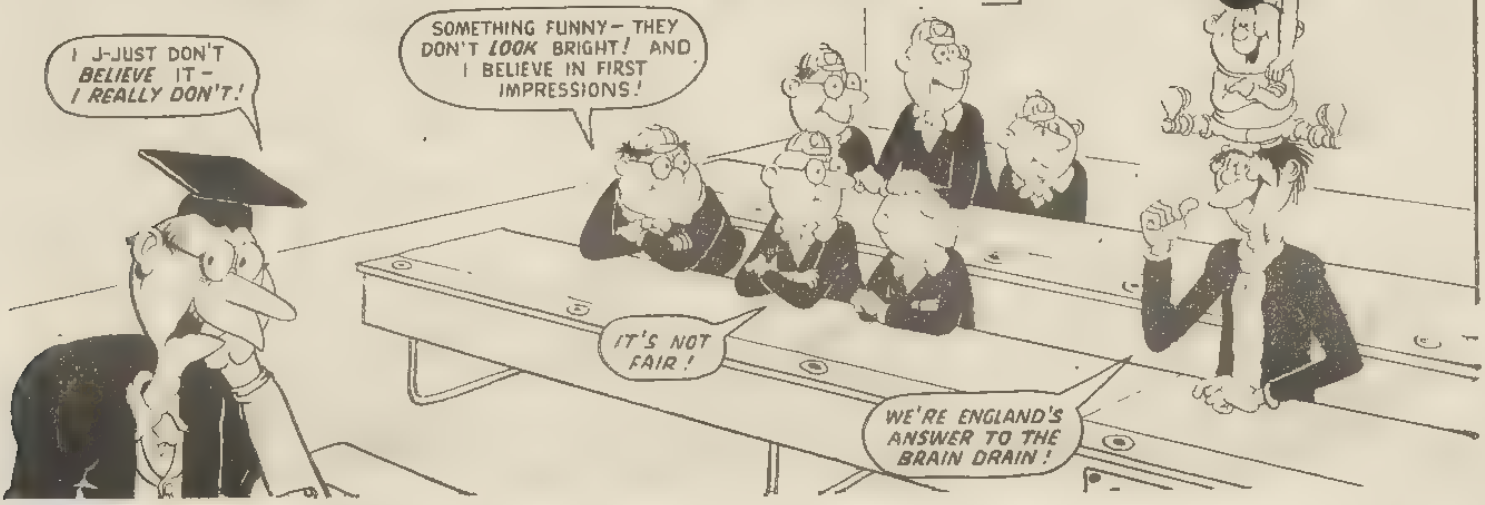

THAT'S BETTER!
MY- IT'S GETTING WINDY!
CHOO-O!
DROP-P-P-
COO! WHAT'S THIS THAT BUTCH HAS SNEEZED OUT OF TEACH'S ARM!

YEOW! IT'S THE EXAM ANSWERS! QUICK, LADS! LET'S GET A COPY! WE'LL SHOW THOSE SWOTS YET! HEE-HEE!


WHAT ARE THE BLOTS SO HAPPY ABOUT?
?
EASY!
EASY!


NEXT DAY...
HO! HO! WE'RE TOP OF THE CLASS NOW! NOT THE SWOTS! THAT SWOTTING OF MINE SURE DID THE TRICK AFTER ALL - THANKS TO THE COLD I GOT! SNIGGER!

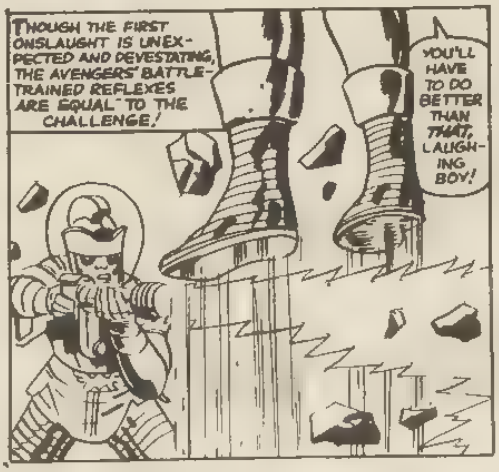
HEH! HEH! WE'RE ALL TOP OF THE CLASS! WE ALL GOT 100%! HO! HO!


I J-JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT - I REALLY DON'T!
SOMETHING FUNNY - THEY DON'T LOOK BRIGHT! AND I BELIEVE IN FIRST IMPRESSIONS!
IT'S NOT FAIR!
WE'RE ENGLAND'S ANSWER TO THE BRAIN DRAIN!

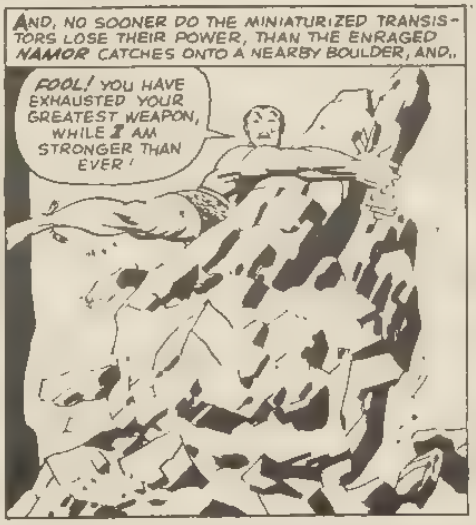
THE AVENGERS

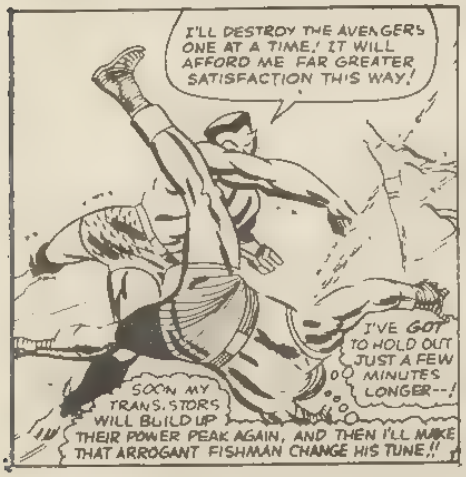
also starring the Sensational SUB-MARINER!

JUST TO BRING YOU UP TO DATE! THE LONG-LOST CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS BEEN FOUND BY THE AVENGERS – BUT RIGHT NOW THE AVENGERS HAVE BIG TROUBLE ON THEIR HANDS! FOR THEY ARE UNDER ATTACK FROM PRINCE NAMOR AND HIS UNDERSEA WARRIORS!



© Marvel Comic Group 1966





DIZZY AND EXHAUSTED, THE WASP FLIES OFF, AS NAMOR TURNS FROM IRON MAN AND RUSHES TO ANSWER HIS LIEUTENANT'S CALL FOR HELP!

IT'S THOR! HE'S HOLDING MY MEN AT BAY WITH THAT WRETCHED HAMMER OF HIS!

SHAME YOURSELF, NAMOR! I TIRE OF WASTING MY STRENGTH ON THESE LOWLY MINIONS OF YOURS! I CRAVE A FOE MORE WORTHY OF MY METTLE!

FALL BACK! WAIT FOR THE COMMAND OF OUR LORD NAMOR!

QUICKLY! BEFORE THE OTHERS REACH US, CONCENTRATE ALL YOUR FIRE POWER ON THOR -- FROM THIS SAFE DISTANCE!

KEEP HIM REELING WHILE I ATTACK HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS!

NO MERE EARTHLY WEAPONS CAN MAKE THE THUNDER GOD REEL! SEE HOW EASILY MY ENCHANTED HAMMER DEFLECTS THEIR ENERGY BOLTS INTO THE GROUND AT MY FEET--

THE ENERGY FROM OUR RAY GUNS IS TRAVELLING BACK TO US ALONG THE GROUND! DISPERSE!

WE ARE NO MATCH FOR THOR! THE SUB-MARINER MUST CONQUER HIM ALONE!

AND THEN, WITH THE FORCE AND FURY OF THE RAGING SEAS, NAMOR STRIKES!

WHEN YOU SWING THAT HAMMER, YOU'RE INVINCIBLE! BUT I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU NEVER SWING IT AGAIN!

THIS IS NO HUMAN ATTACK! WITLESS MUTANT! THIS IS THE MIGHTY THOR!

MEANWHILE, WHAT OF THE THIRD AVENGER -- AND CAPTAIN AMERICA?? THEY HAD BOTH BEEN HURLED BACK INTO THE SEA BY THE EARTH-SHATTERING BLAST WHICH HERALDED NAMOR'S ATTACK! AND NOW, WE FIND GIANT-MAN, AT THE BRINK OF DISASTER...

CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER! ONLY ONE CHANCE -- MY REDUCING CAPSULE... THERE! I SWALLOWED IT!

IN THE WINK OF AN EYE, THE DOUBLE-SIZED ADVENTURER BECOMES ANT-MAN, AND EASILY SWIMS TO FREEDOM THROUGH THE NOW-LIMP ROPES!

MADE IT! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN AMERICA?? WELL, NO TIME TO SEARCH FOR HIM NOW!

UH OH! MY ANT-SIZE IS FINE FOR ESCAPING FROM ROPES, BUT IF I DON'T WANT TO END AS FISH FOOD, I'D BETTER BECOME GIANT-MAN AGAIN -- AND PRONTO!

AND SO...

STRANGE... STILL NO SIGN OF CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOR DO I SEE THE SUB-MARINER! I WONDER...?

WAIT! OVER THERE! IRON MAN IS BATTLING AGAINST HEAVY ODDS! PERHAPS I CAN EVEN THEM JUST A BIT!

IF ALL YOU BULLY-BOYS ENJOY GANGING UP ON ONE MAN, TRY ME FOR SIZE! HEY, I NOTICE YOU'RE NOT WHOOPING IT UP SO MUCH NOW!

GO ON BACK TO THE DEPTHS YOU CAME FROM! WE'VE NO QUARREL WITH YOU! IT'S THAT POWER-MAD PRINCE OF YOURS WE'RE AFTER!

THERE'S MORE TO COME!

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THANKS, BIG FELLA! I'LL HANDLE THE FEW THAT ARE LEFT! YOU'D BETTER SEE HOW THOR IS MAKING OUT!

WILL DO, PARTNER! BUT I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN AMERICA! HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THAT BLAST HURLED US BOTH INTO THE WATER!

WHERE IS OUR PRINCE, THE MIGHTY NAMOR!? WITHOUT NAMOR, WE ARE AS NOTHING!

HE HAD HURLED HIMSELF INTO HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE WITH THE LONG-HAIRED THUNDER GOD! LET US PRAY THAT OUR LEADER TRIUMPHS!

WELL, CAP IS A BIG BOY NOW--HE CAN LOOK AFTER HIMSELF! BUT I SURE HOPE HE DIDN'T RUN OUT ON US!

SO HERE YOU ARE, LAUGHING BOY!

ONCE I GET THAT ACCURSED HAMMER AWAY FROM YOU, I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S THE STRONGEST, THOR!

YOU USE THAT AS AN EXCUSE, SEA PRINCE! YOU KNOW THAT I ALONE CAN LIFT MY ENCHANTED MALLET!

MEANWHILE, A SHARP-EYED, COLOURFUL FIGURE WATCHES EVERYTHING THAT TRANSPIRES...BRANDING ALL THE AMAZING DETAILS INTO HIS MEMORY.

I KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THIS NEW CROP OF COS-TUMED FIGHTERS! MY BEST BET IS TO WATCH THEM IN ACTION--SEE HOW POWERFUL THEY REALLY ARE!

THEIR COURAGE IS UNDENIABLE! EVEN THE SUB-MARINER IS A FEARLESS FOE! IF THERE HAD BEEN SUCH MEN IN MY DAY, WHAT EPIC BATTLES WE MIGHT HAVE FOUGHT!

THOR'S HAMMER! IT'S THE MOST AWESOME WEAPON I'VE EVER SEEN!

YOU SPOKE THE TRUTH! EVEN MY MORE-THAN-HUMAN POWER CANNOT RAISE IT FROM THE GROUND!

STAND BACK! PART OF ITS ENCHANTMENT IS THAT IT JUST ALWAYS FLY BACK TO ME!

AND NOW, IN THE NAME OF THE AVENGERS, I ORDER YOUR SURRENDER! SURELY YOU SEE THAT FURTHER RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!

NEVER! EVEN NOW MY LOYAL WARRIORS REGROUP THEMSELVES--WE SHALL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!

VERY WELL, NAMOR! LET WHATEVER BEFALLS THEM BE UPON YOUR OWN HEAD--YOUR OWN INHUMAN CONSCIENCE!

STEP ASIDE, THOR! I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO TANGLE WITH THAT WATER RAT WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF A SURPRISE ATTACK!

STOP! I STILL HAVE AN ACE IN THE HOLE! YOU FORGET ABOUT THE BOY---HE IS OUR PRISONER--AND HE IS OUR HOSTAGE!

THE LAD IS IN DANGER! THIS I WILL NOT TOLERATE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, GUYS! I'LL HANDLE THESE GOONS, ONCE AND FOR ALL!

MAKE ONE MOVE TOWARDS ME, AND THE BOY'S LIFE IS--WHA--???!!

ANOTHER ONE! BUT, WHO---???

THE NAME'S CAPTAIN AMERICA, NAMOR! I'LL MAKE SURE THAT YOU NEVER FORGET IT!

I HAVE TOLERATED ENOUGH INDIGNITIES THIS DAY! NOW MY VENGEANCE SHALL BE SWIFT, AND SURE, AND WITHOUT MERCY!

HE'S STRONGER THAN ME--BUT I'LL FIND A WAY TO OUTWIT HIM!

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, A THUNDEROUS ERUPTION SHAKES THE TINY ISLE, AS A DEAFENING ROAR IS HEARD FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE!

RRR RR

THE ISLAND IS BREAKING APART!

LOOK!

AND THEN, BEFORE THE EYES OF ALL THOSE PRESENT, A TITANIC UNDERSEA EXPLOSION HURLS A TOWERING SPRAY OF SEA, MUD AND STONE HIGH INTO THE AIR!

WHOOOM!

BACK TO THE DEPTHS, MY WARRIORS! WE HAVE WON! THE SEA ITSELF SHALL DESTROY OUR ENEMIES!

EVEN THE AVENGERS CANNOT SURVIVE A GIGANTIC UNDERSEA EARTHQUAKE! YET, FOR SOME REASON, MY HEART IS HEAVY! THEY WERE WORTHY FOES! THEY DESERVED A MORE FITTING END!

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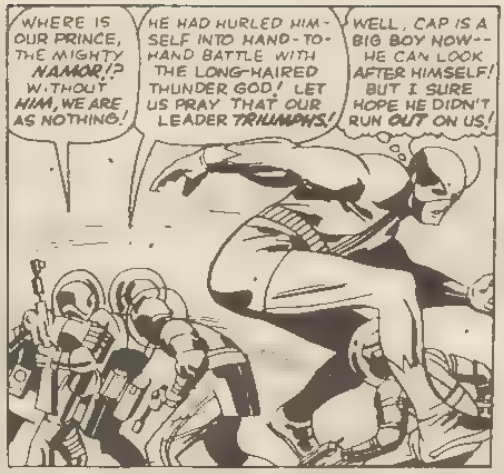
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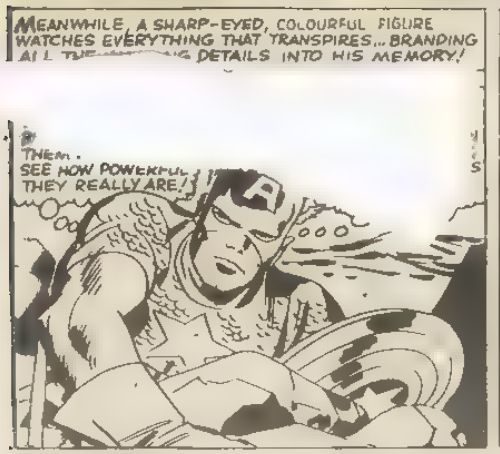
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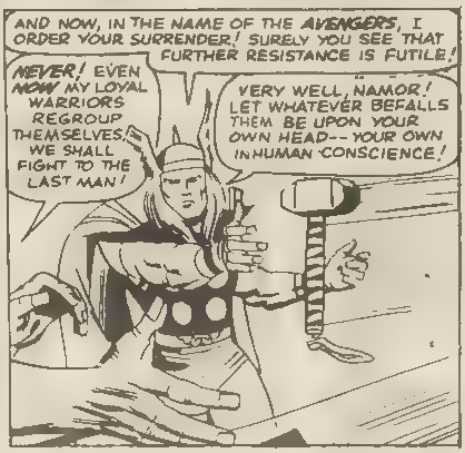
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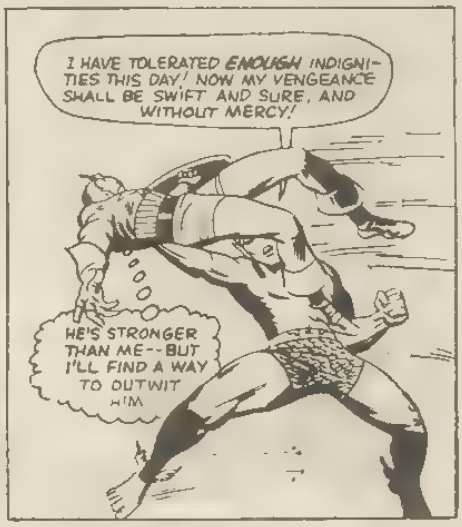
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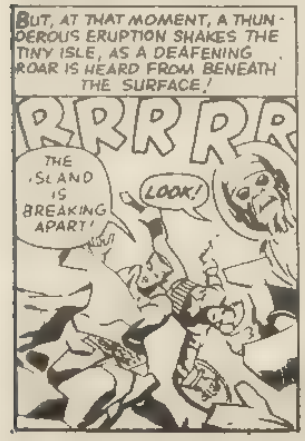
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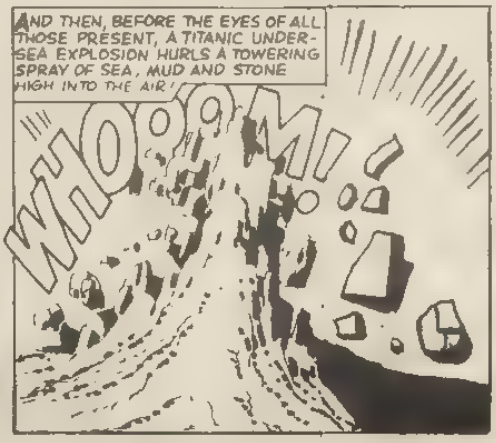
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WRITE TO SMASH!

THERE'S A FAB HULK SWEATSHIRT FOR YOU IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED!

As we promised last week, we've been counting HULK sweatshirts. Out of the hundred that we started with we've so far given away 78. Not counting this week's batch, that leaves us 22 to go! We're going to be as sorry as you are when we send out the final one, for this has been as much fun to us as it has been to you. But chins up—for we'll try all we can to get another stunt going as soon as we can. By the way, all you Smashers who have written to us asking whether it is possible to buy a HULK sweatshirt will be over-joyed to know that they may soon be on sale in shops. It looks like being a HULK and BATMAN Christmas! And now to serious things—like this week's selection of mail.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why don't you have a forty page Smash? Then you would have room for Fantastic Four and Thor. My brothers and I say Smash is the best comic printed.

Henry Mullen,
Ballyfermot, Dublin 10.

Even if we had a hundred and forty pages in SMASH there would still be a lot of stories we would be wanting to put in, Henry. But we'll get round to most of those stories in time.

Alf and Cos.

To Smash,

I first started to read Smash in Nigeria. My favourite then was Brian's Brain. I think you should start another Brian's Brain story. In my opinion it's better than Batman and the Hulk.

My favourite ten in Smash now and in the past are: Brian's Brain, Batman, The Hulk, Legend Testers, Rubberman, Bad Penny, The Tellybugs (I don't know why you stopped them), The Swots and the Blots, The Nervs, Grimly Feendish, Mister Knowall and the letter page. I think you should add Superman to Smash.

Amos Bahirt,
Birmingham 29.

We were rather keen on Brian's Brain ourselves, Amos, and like you we'd like to see old master-mind return to Smash one day. Come to think of it, with that lame brain of his, Brian would make a pretty good crime-fighter there would be hardly anything he wouldn't be able to do. We'll get that story started yet!

Alf and Cos.

P.S. You didn't let us have your full address, Amos. Let us have it and we'll let you have a sweatshirt.

SMASH! 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

This is how I would arrange Smash if I was Editor for a day. First of all I would make Smash about 64 pages long, all in colour. Batman would stay on the cover, only it would be three extra pages long, inside. There would be ten pages of the Hulk (smashing!), Rubberman, and eight pages of The Legend Testers and four pages of Percy's Pets, Ronnie Rich, Bad Penny, Charlie's Choice, The Swots and the Blots, The Tellybugs, Grimly Feendish and The Nervs. The Queen of the Seas could stay on the back cover.

Need a new Editor?

Colleen Powell,
Woolwich, London, S.E.18.

Need a new Editor? If Smash was 64 pages in size we'd need about three new editors, Colleen!

Alf and Cos.

What fools we two poor mortals be! We thought we were busy during the last few months looking after Smash and then Wham. But so many things are happening to us now that we only breathe when we remember! But all these things that are happening will be exciting for you Smashers, and soon we'll be able to tell you more! In the meantime it's a *Smashing* world!

YOU BE THE JUDGE!

That's right—put us on trial by filling in the form and sending it with your letter. We want to know what YOU want!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:-

.....

The feature I don't like is:-

.....

To, SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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TO ALL BATFANS

SIX FABULOUS PICTURE POSTCARDS OF BATMAN, ROBIN, THE JOKER, ETC.

All in full colour, size 6"x4"

Can be yours for only 3/- plus 6d. p.p.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Use BLOCK LETTERS)

Please rush to me SETS OF BATMAN POSTCARDS

I enclose Postal Order

Value .....

No

Send this coupon with your Postal Order to this address:

GERALD G. SWAN LTD. (Dept. PC)
P.O. Box 111, 12-14 Lever Street, Manchester 1

QUICK–JOIN US AS U.N.C.L.E AGENTS –GET THIS FABULOUS "MAN FROM UNCLE" KIT!

U.N.C.L.E.
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We can't beat T.H.R.U.S.H. on our own boys. Come and help us to wipe them out.
Hurry for this terrific MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. Kit. All you have to do is collect one Vosene shampoo or Maclean's toothpaste carton and follow the instructions on it.

Here's your U.N.C.L.E. KIT Worth 54/11 now at a special price of 39/11

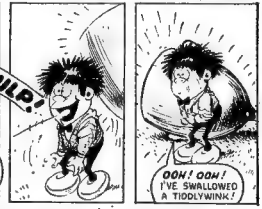
Ask your mum to shop for the special Vosene and Macleans packs now, dad will save 15/- when he buys the U.N.C.L.E. kit for you.

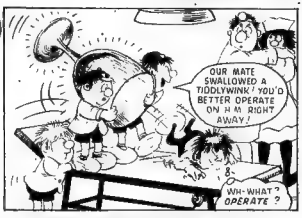
HURRY FOR VOSENE & MACLEANS –JOIN THE MEN FROM

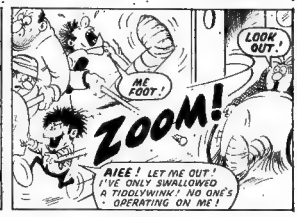
U.N.C.L.E.

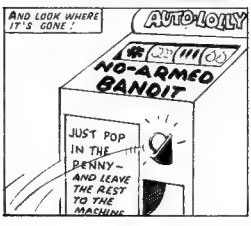
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH









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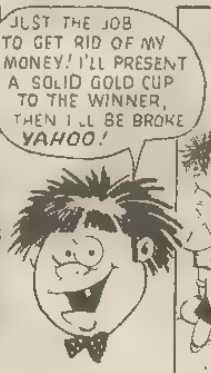

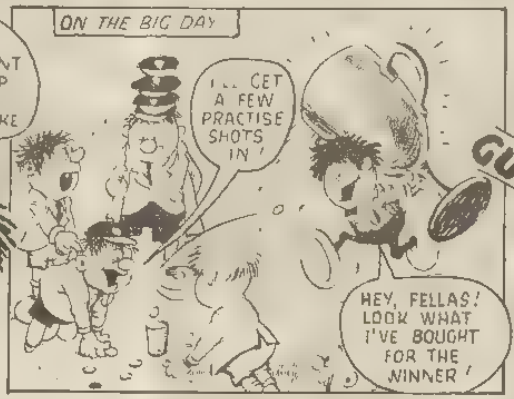

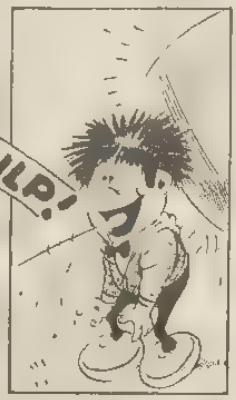

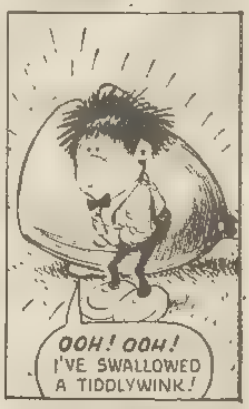

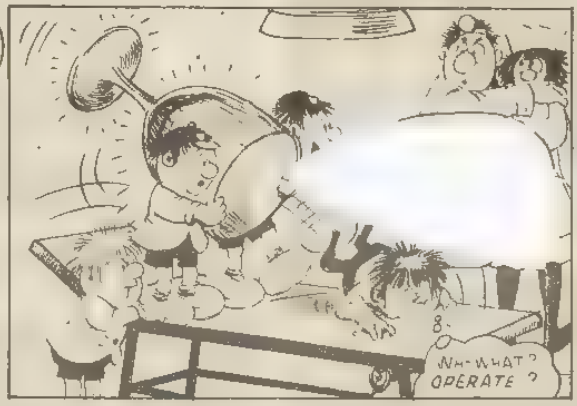

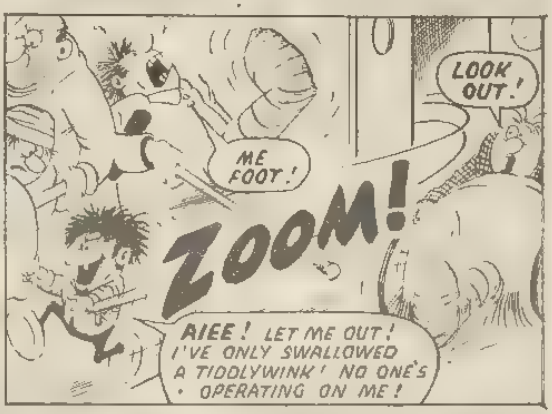

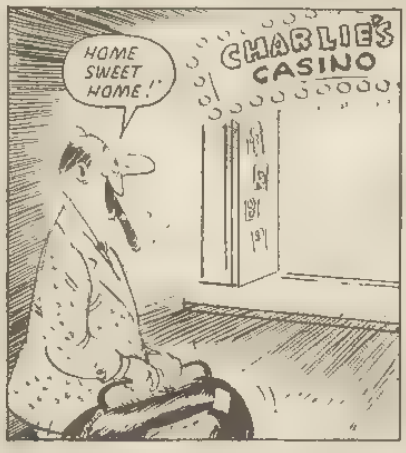

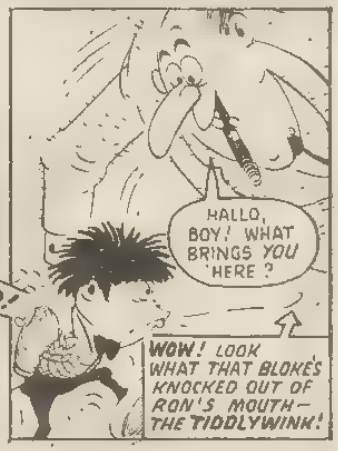

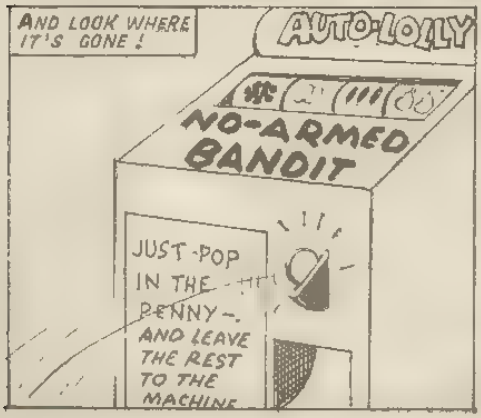

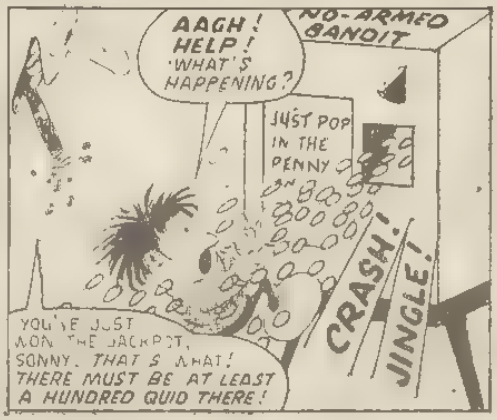

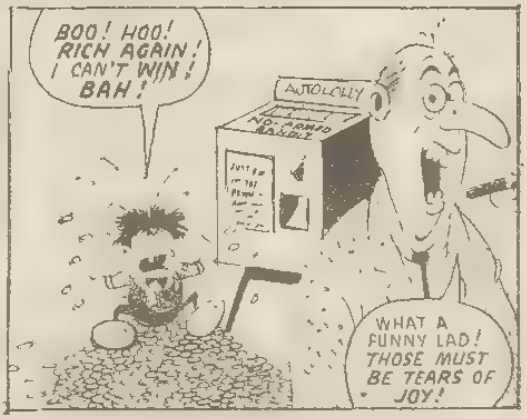

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF ZEUS IN OLYMPUS, HOME OF THE GREEK GODS. BUT THEY ARE TRAPPED ON THE SHOULDER OF ATLAS – THE GIANT WHO SUPPORTS THE SKIES! AND WHEN ATLAS MOVES TO TRY TO TOUCH THEM, A TREMENDOUS STORM BREAKS!

CRACK!

AS THE VERY SKIES SEEM TO SPLIT, ATLAS QUICKLY TAKES UP HIS BURDEN ONCE MORE

BUT THE STORM, ONCE STARTED, CANNOT EASILY BE MADE TO STOP!

WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB DOWN! GOT TO REACH THE GROUND BEFORE WE'RE BLOWN AWAY!

NO MOUNTAINEER HAS EVER MADE A DESCENT SUCH AS THIS – AS ROLLO AND DANNY WITH THE STORM RAGING FURIOUSLY AROUND THEM. CLIMB DOWN THE GIANT!

AND NOW, FOR A MOMENT, OUR SCENE CHANGES. WE GO TO A FINE PALACE WHERE THE SOUND OF WILD, MERRY-MAKING RISES FROM EXCITED, MILLING FIGURES...

FOR THIS IS THE COURT OF BACCHUS, GOD OF WINE AND REVELRY!

BUT EVEN THE NOISE OF A PARTY SUCH AS THIS CANNOT DROWN THE SOUND OF THE SPREADING STORM. BETWEEN THUNDER CLAPS, BACCHUS MAKES HIS VOICE HEARD...

SOMEONE MUST HAVE ANGERED THE GODS TO BRING ABOUT SUCH A STORM! AND BECAUSE OF THIS OUR PLEASURES ARE BEING SPOILED!

FIND THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNLEASHING THE FURY OF THE HEAVENS – AND BRING THEM TO ME! THEY SHALL ANSWER TO BACCHUS!

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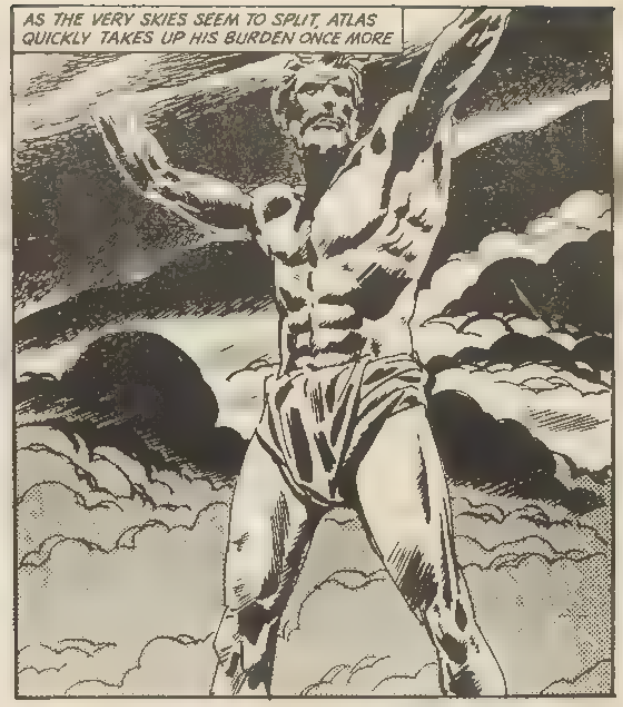
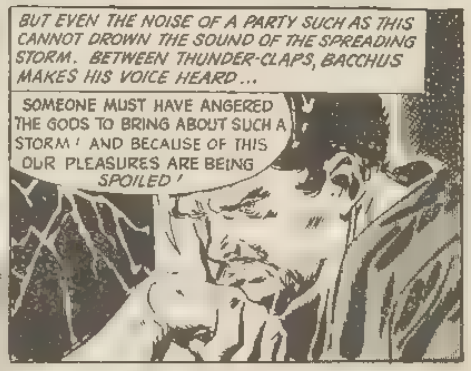




AND NOW WE RETURN TO ROLLO AND DANNY, JUST AS THEIR TERRIFYING ORDEAL ENDS

WE MADE IT! WE CLIMBED RIGHT DOWN ATLAS AND NOW WE'RE BACK ON MOTHER EARTH! WE'RE SAFE!

NO, WE'RE NOT, DANNY! LOOK! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

AROUND THEM THE SATYRS OF BACCHUS HAVE GATHERED!

SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS OVERWHELMS THE TWO LEGEND TESTERS

AND THE UGLY SATYRS CARRY THEM OFF

THESE FELLOWS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE US! BUT WHY?

CLUNK!

I DON'T KNOW—BUT I'M NOT STOPPING TO FIND OUT!

BUT ALL WHO ENTER THE COURT OF BACCHUS TAKE PART IN HIS REVELRY! THEREFORE—BEFORE YOU DIE YOU SHALL DANCE!

KILL US IF YOU WILL! BUT NOTHING WILL MAKE US DANCE FOR YOU!

A DEEP, UNPLEASANT CHUCKLE BURSTS FROM BACCHUS'S LIPS!

NOTHING? HA! HA! HA! WE SHALL SEE! WE SHALL SEE! TAKE THEM TO THE PLACE OF THE HOT EARTH!

THE STORM HAS ABATED BY THE TIME BACCHUS'S COURT IS REACHED—BUT THIS DOES NOT SOFTEN THE GOD'S MOOD!

SO— YOU MISERABLE MORTALS MARRED MY ENTERTAINMENT! FOR THAT YOU SHALL DIE!

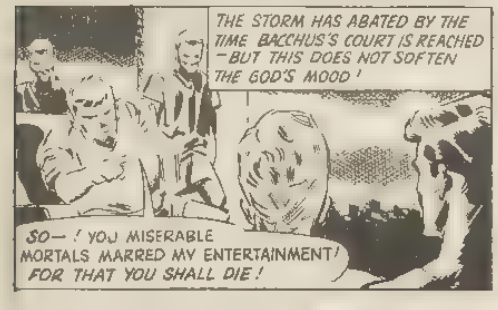
ARMED SATYRS FORCE THE LEGEND TESTERS TO A REMOTE SPOT IN THE PALACE GROUNDS

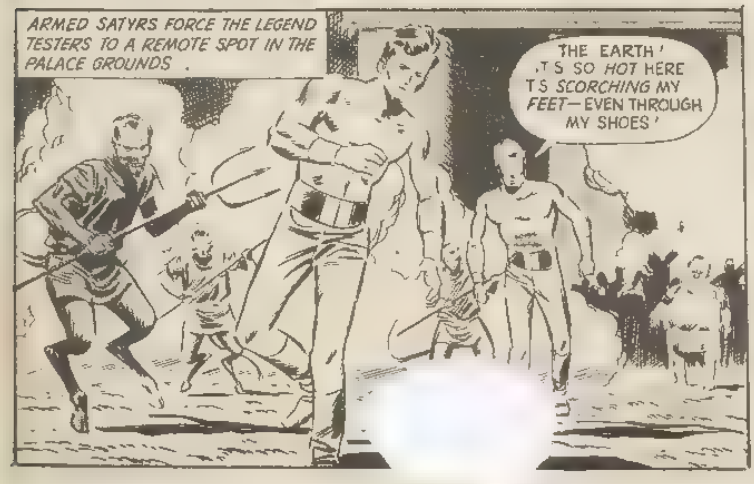
THE EARTH! IT'S SO HOT HERE, IT'S SCORCHING MY FEET—EVEN THROUGH MY SHOES!

THE ONLY WAY FOR THE LEGEND TESTERS TO GAIN ANY RELIEF FROM THE INTENSE HEAT IS BY HOPPING FROM FOOT TO FOOT IN A PATHETIC PARODY OF A DANCE!

HO! HO! HO! HO! I TOLD YOU YOU WOULD DANCE FOR ME! HO! HO! HO! HO!

NEXT WEEK: A WILD, WILD PARTY!





NEXT WEEK: **A WILD, WILD PARTY!**

THE NERVS

BOO-HOO! I'VE GOT A SPLITTING HEADACHE!
THUMP! BASH!
BUMP! THUMP!

IT'S ALL BARRY BRAIN NERV'S FAULT - HE'S BASHING AWAY INSIDE FATTY'S NUT!
SWOOSH!
BASH!
IT AIN'T FAIR! I ALWAYS GET ALL THE WORK TO DO!
BUMP!
CRASH!
THUMP!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A COUPLE OF ASPIRINS!
BUMP!
THUMP!
BONK!

FOOD CHUTE
AAGH! HELP! HE'S AT IT AGAIN! AN ASPIRIN ATTACK!
WHOOOOOSH!
ASPIRIN
BLOOH! I THOUGHT THEY WERE MEANT TO STOP SORE HEADS!
BOOINNG!

GREAT, ISN'T IT? FATTY GETS A SORE HEAD AND WE STOMACH NERVS GET ALL THE ASPIRINS!
ASPIRIN

HELLO!!! IS THAT THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT? WELL WE'RE FED UP DOING YOUR DIRTY WORK, SO YOU CAN COME DOWN AND GET YOUR ASPIRINS YOURSELF! WE AIN'T BRINGING THEM UP!
SNATCH!
BRAIN DEPT
HEAD BRAIN NERV
BUMP!
THUMP!
BASH!
RIGHT, BARRY! STOP THAT FOR A TICK, THERE'S A COUPLE OF ASPIRINS DOWN IN THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT FOR US! GO GET THEM!

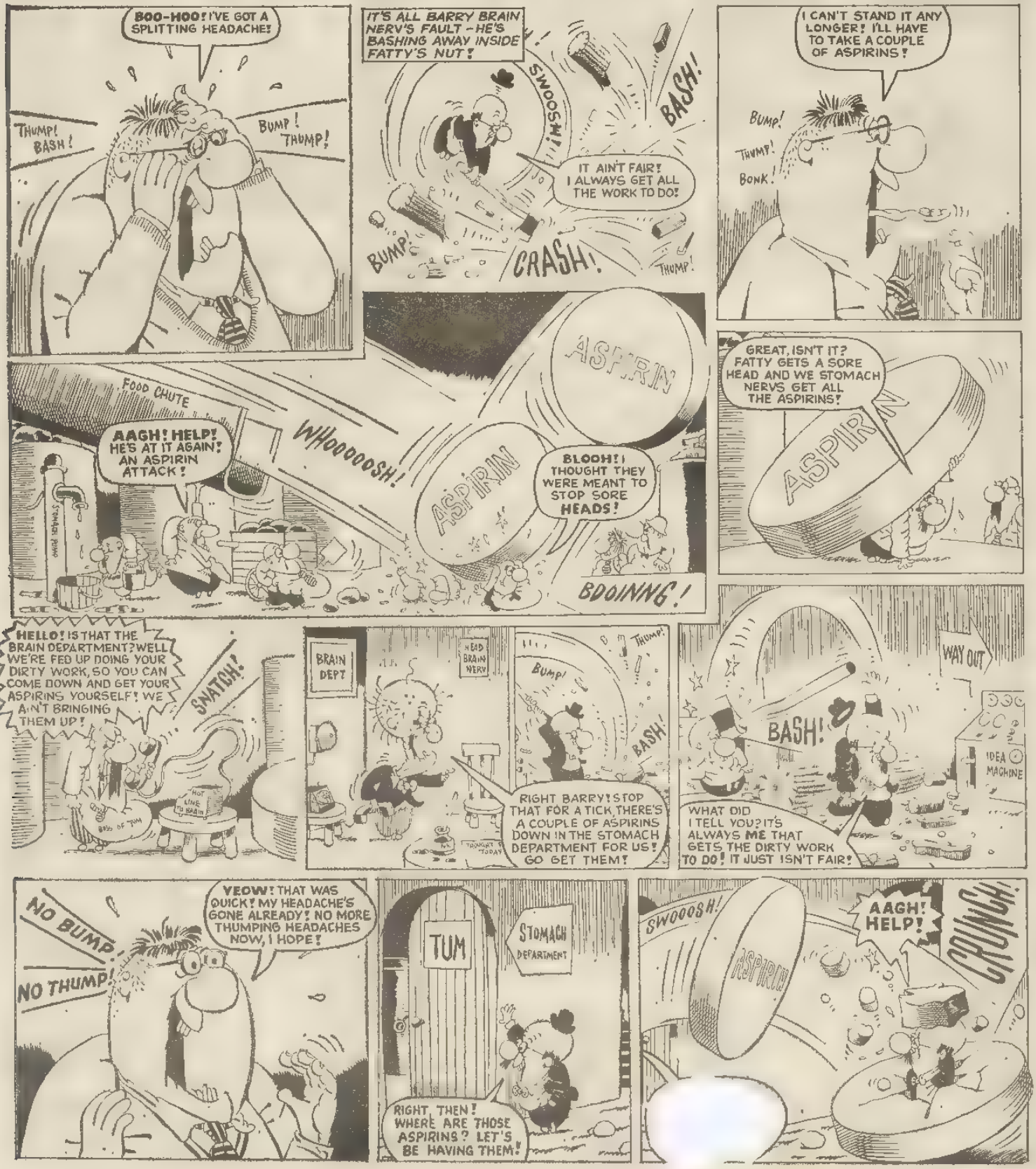
WAY OUT
BASH!
IDEA MACHINE
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IT'S ALWAYS ME THAT GETS THE DIRTY WORK TO DO! IT JUST ISN'T FAIR!

NO BUMP!
NO THUMP!
YEOW! THAT WAS QUICK! MY HEADACHE'S GONE ALREADY! NO MORE THUMPING HEADACHES NOW, I HOPE!

TUM
STOMACH DEPARTMENT
RIGHT, THEN! WHERE ARE THOSE ASPIRINS? LET'S BE HAVING THEM!

SWOOOSH!
ASPIRIN
AAGH! HELP!
CRUNCH!
HEH! HEH! HERE THEY ARE, BARRY! THE MINTS WITH THE HOLES IN THEM, NOW! HEH! HEH!

THE NERVS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SNATCH!
HOT LINE TO BRAIN
BOSS OF TUM
BRAIN DEPT
HEAD BRAIN NERV
BUMP!
THUMP!
BASH!
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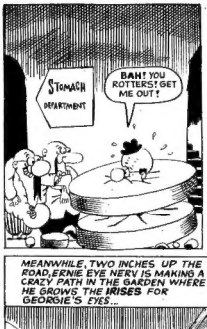
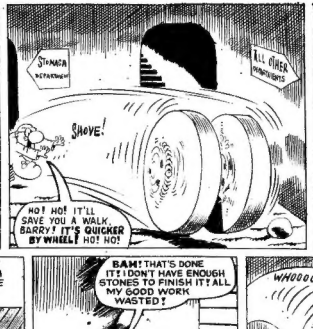
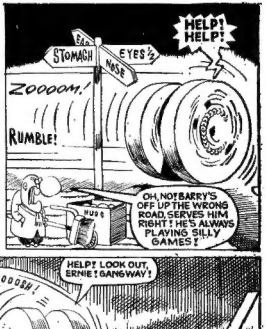
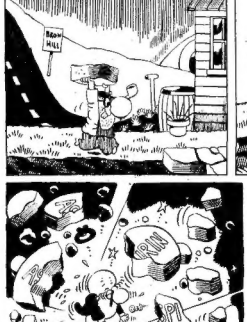

STOMACH DEPARTMENT
BAH! YOU ROTTERS! GET ME OUT!


STOMACH DEPARTMENT
ALL OTHER DEPARTMENTS
SHOVE!
NO! NO! IT'LL SAVE YOU A WALK, BARRY! IT'S QUICKER BY WHEEL! HO! NO!


HELP! HELP!
EAR
STOMACH
NOSE
EYES
ZOOOOM!
RUMBLE!
OH, NO! BARRY'S OFF UP THE WRONG ROAD, SERVES HIM RIGHT! HE'S ALWAYS PLAYING SILLY GAMES!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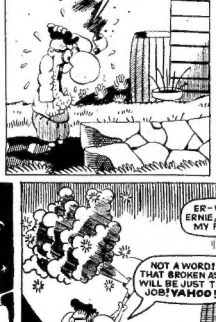
BROW HILL


BAH! THAT'S DONE IT! I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH STONES TO FINISH IT! ALL MY GOOD WORK WASTED!

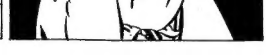
WHOOOOOOSH!
HELP! LOOK OUT, ERNIE! GANGWAY!
BROW HILL
G-GULP! THAT SOUNDS LIKE BARRY BRAIN NERV! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

CRASH!

ER-SORRY, ERNIE, IT WASN'T MY FAULT!
NOT A WORD! THAT BROKEN ASPIRIN WILL BE JUST THE JOB! YAHOO!

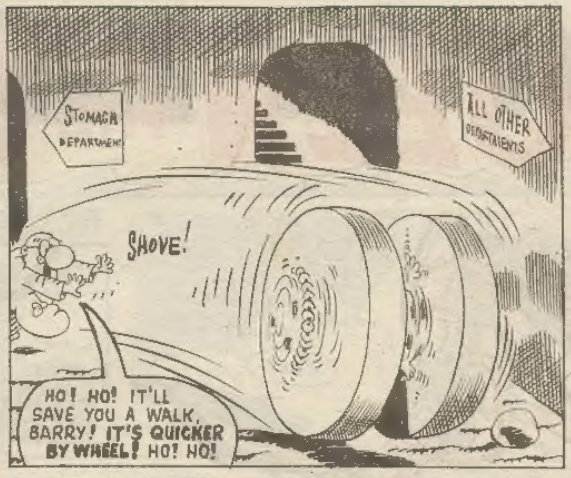
PERFECT! PERFECT! IT MAKES SMASHING CRAZY PAVING!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT!
BOIN
ASP

COME ON, BARRY! ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!
EYE DEP!


AAGH! NO! ME HEAD, IT'S TEN TIMES WORSE NOW! THOSE ASPIRINS HAVENT HELPED AT ALL!
THUMP!
BANG! BUMP!
CRASH!
THUMP! BASH!

AND NO WONDER-, LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING IN FATTY'S NUT!
WHACK!
BANG!
CRASH!
CRUN
YES! ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER! YOU HELPED US, BARRY! NOW WE'LL HELP YOU!
BUMP
BASH!
THUMP!

STOMACH DEPARTMENT
BAH! YOU ROTTERS! GET ME OUT!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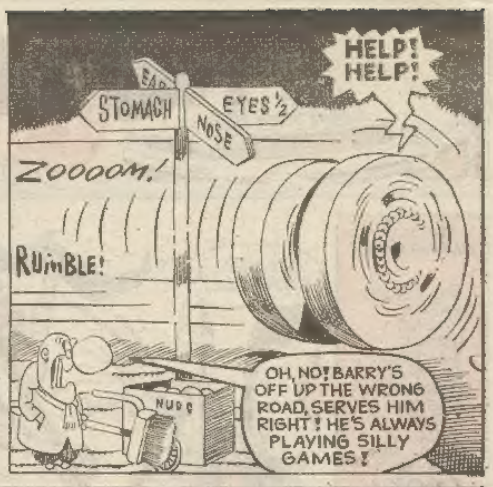
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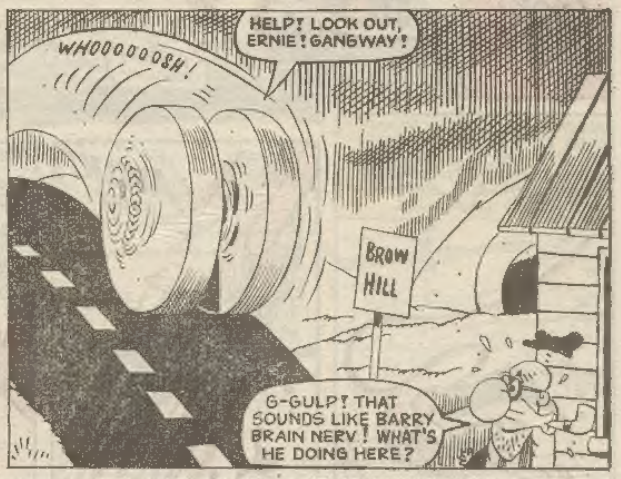
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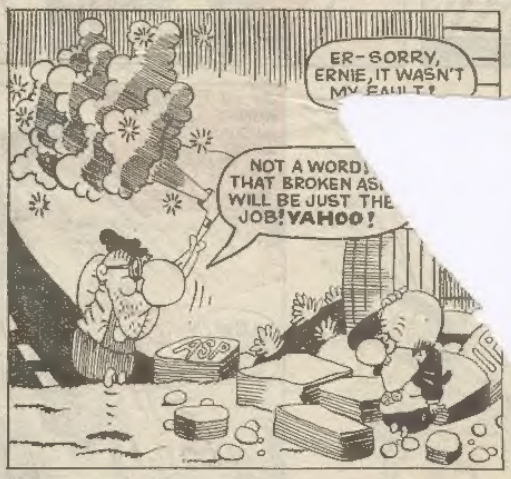
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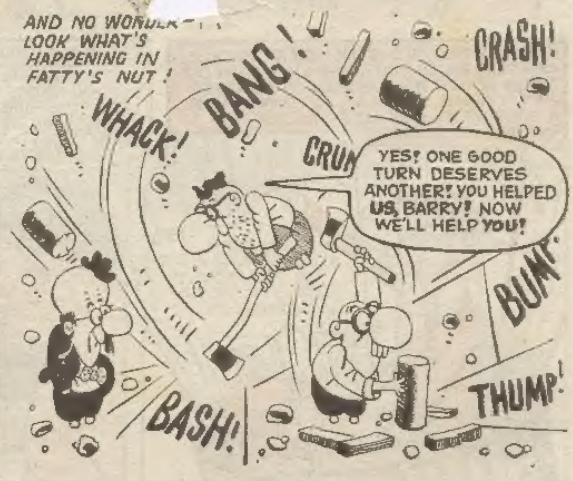
THUMP! BANG! BUMP!
CRASH! THUMP! BASH!


AND NO WONDER - LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING IN FATTY'S NUT!
WHACK!
BANG!
CRASH!
YES! ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER! YOU HELPED US, BARRY! NOW WE'LL HELP YOU!
BUMP!
BASH!
THUMP!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

AHOY, SHIPMATES!

DAI JONES WASN'T JOKING ABOUT WANTING CAPTAIN ENOCH TO RESCUE HIS CORACLE FROM THE SEA-BED. LOOK! THERE GOES ENOCH NOW!

GIT MY CORACLE!

BAM!

WITH ONE ACCORD, THE PACK OF NON-KILLER SHARKS, WHO WERE HANGING ABOUT IN HOPEFUL ANTICIPATION OF TABLE-SCRAPS, FLEE IN PANIC AND CONFUSION—

AGH!

AWLK! HE WASN'T JOKIN'!

IT AIN'T 'UMAN!

BUT THERE ARE OTHER DANGEROUS DENIZENS OF THE DEEP—AND FIFTY FATHOMS LATER—

ZIP

AGH! A DEADLY PORTUGESE MAN-O-WAR! GLUGGLE!

HAVING MISSED THE HARMLESS LITTLE SEA-CUCUMBER BY 2FT (FROM A RANGE OF 8INS) ENOCH'S HARPOON ZINGS UPWARDS, ZIPPING THE NYLON LINE IN ITS WAKE—

ZING!

SWIRL

JERK!

AWLK! UGGLE!

ZIP!

AND ENOCH

MEANWHILE, ABOARD QUEENIE—

GUR! IF THAT SKINNY SEA-SQUIRT YOU CALL A CAPTAIN DOESN'T SHOW UP WITH MY CORACLE, BOY-O, SOMEONE ABOARD THIS LEAKING HEAP IS GOING TO SUFFER 'ORRIBLY!

GULP! N-NOW LOOK, M-MISTER JONES—G-GOOD RELATIONS BETWEEN CREW MEMBERS IS VITAL FOR THE SMOOTH RUNNING OF THE SH-SHIP! (GULP!)

S-SO IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT NOTHING COMES BETWEEN US—ERK!

!

CHUNG!—GLUGGLE!

HAWLK!

SHATTER!

ARRGLE

EE-YULK!

AT AN ALTITUDE OF 600FT. ENOCH BEGINS TO LEVEL OUT—HIS FLIPPERS ACTING AS SAIL-PLANES!

ZING!

SWISH-SWISH

ZOOM!

AGH! 'ELP! S.O.S.!

—AND JUST AT THIS MOMENT, A BEAUTIFUL SILVERY BALLOON DRIFTS OVER THE HORIZON ON THE LAST LAP OF A ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT!

THE ONLY TROUBLE IS, HAMISH MCMUCKLE, AMATEUR BALLOONIST, WHO ONLY TOOK OFF THREE HOURS AGO, DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S ON HIS LAST LAP. HE THINKS HE'S A FURTHER 24,985 MILES TO DRIFT—INSTEAD OF 5 YARDS!

SAIL BRAW BALLOON—LIKE A BIR-RD ON THE WING—HIGH O'ER THE SEA THROUGH SKY—

HAGGIS

OAT-MEAL

WHILE DOWN BELOW...

ARE YOU DEAF, MAN? I SAID DID YOU NOTICE WHETHER THAT LONG-NOSED NIT HAD MY CORACLE AS HE ZIPPED PAST? BAH! STOP THAT HAMMERING AND LISTEN!

SORRY, MATE! I CAN'T 'EAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING FOR THIS 'AMMERING!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

AND, UP ABOVE, THE FIRST ROUND-THE-WORLD BALLOON TRIP NEARS ITS CONCLUSION—

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

S.S. QUEEN OF THE SEAS

EPI-'LOG'

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE TO ALL FANS NORTH OF THE BORDER WHO MAY NOW BE ON THEIR KILT-CLAD KNEES, FEVERISHLY PRAYING FOR THE SAFETY OF THEIR KINSMAN HAMISH MCMUCKLE—

SAVE YOUR BREATH, MATES!